

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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## THE ANNEXATION EPIDEMIC.— SEWARD'S LAND.

TERRITORIAL aggrandizement, or attempts toward it, seem to be the order of the day, not alone in one, but in all directions. The inhabitants of British Columbia, lying between Oregon and Alaska, have petitioned the Crown to be permitted to annex themselves quietly to the United States, representing that they are of no importance to the Empire, nor the Empire of any good to them, but, on the contrary, a great drawback. In Rupert's Land, or, as it is better known, the Winnipeg or Red River region, lying midway between British Columbia and Canada, the people are absolutely up in arms against British authority as represented by the New Dominion, refusing to receive the Governor sent out by the latter, and talking openly of annexation to the United States, not only as a matter of interest to them, but of necessity. Their relations are exclusively with the United States, and they neither love nor respect the British Empire. Further eastward we find Nova Scotia, in sympathy with New Bruns-

wick, restive and dissatisfied under British rule, and also "hungering and thirsting" after absorption in the American Union, and declaring, in the words of one of their own resolutions, "our only hope of commercial prosperity, national development and permanent peace lies in a fair and equitable union with the American Republic."

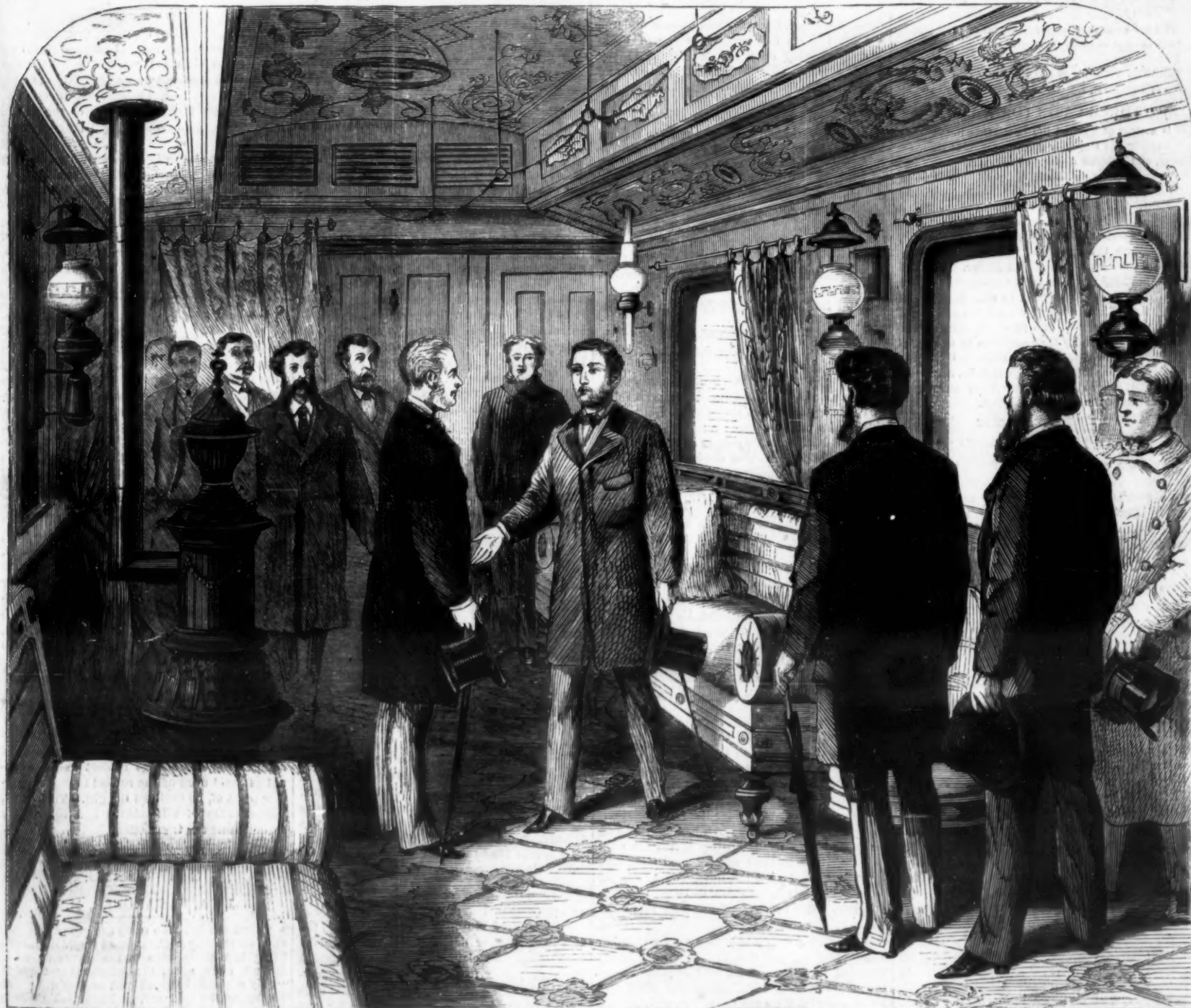
Perhaps the most significant thing in connection with these movements in British America is the declaration of the Colonial Minister in the British Cabinet—speaking, presumably, the sentiments of that Cabinet—that the Government will never use force to maintain a colonial relationship.

Now, all this tendency toward annexation is perfectly natural, and in due course of events. Such was not the case, however, as regarded Alaska, and such is not the case as regards St. Thomas and Santo Domingo. The movements toward their acquisition were and are in the nature of "jobs," and by no means spontaneous and in the order of things. If successful, the benefit accruing to either side would be doubtful, and real injury to both sides not un-

likely to follow. Our Arctic paradise, the fairy-land of Seward and Sumner, does not encourage further ventures in the way of buying out-lying real estate. An abstract of the report of the special agent of the Treasury, sent to search out its wealth and beauties, is before the public, and a most lugubrious document it is. In the first place, there are only about three hundred white people in the country, and not to exceed fifteen thousand squalid Indians, scattered over an area a fourth as large as the whole territory of the United States proper. In the second place, the Government can never hope to draw from it a fifth of the money necessary to sustain it as a Territory. The special agent contends that the original price paid, \$7,200,000, is only a small part of what it will cost the country. Assuming that the public debt will not be paid within twenty-five years, the agent computes the interest on that sum will be \$24,000,000 additional, to which must be added the expenses of the military and naval establishments, say \$500,000 per annum, or \$12,500,000 in twenty-five years, resulting in a grand total cost, on this basis, of

\$43,000,000. In return for this expenditure we may hope to derive from the seal fisheries, if properly conducted, from \$75,000 to \$100,000 annually, and from customs, \$5,000 to \$10,000 per annum. Nor can we look for any material increase of revenue for many years, except in the event of extraordinary circumstances, such as the discovery of deposits of valuable minerals sufficiently large to induce an influx of population. With regard to the question, "What shall be done with Alaska?" he thinks it might not be the worst policy, as a financial measure, to abandon the territory at present, or until some possible change for the better shall take place; but, for political reasons, this course seems hardly advisable.

The agent recommends that one post be garrisoned by a small force, and that one armed steamer of the navy or revenue marine be stationed on the coast. He thinks that the United States Courts of California, Oregon and Washington Territory should have original jurisdiction in all cases of law and equity arising in Alaska. The revenue officers should be relieved, and all attempts at collection of duties



NEW YORK CITY.—ARRIVAL OF H. R. H. PRINCE ARTHUR OF ENGLAND.—RECEPTION BY THE BRITISH MINISTER, MR. THORNTON, OF THE PRINCE, AT THE DEPOT OF THE HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.—SEE PAGE 349.



abandoned, except on the group of Seal Islands; nor need any civil government be authorized, except such as the citizens may institute, under military supervision, for their mutual protection.

We suspect this report will not greatly strengthen the feeling in favor of buying St. Thomas or Santo Domingo, each of which might prove as big an elephant as Seward's Land.

## ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 6, 1870.

### SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS.

WITH this number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is presented a splendid two-page engraving, sketched by an artist of acknowledged merit, entitled, "The Snow Sheds on the Central Pacific Railroad, in the Sierra Nevada Mountains."

This is the second of a magnificent series of engravings—the first being "Passing Through the Valley of Great Salt Lake"—now in course of publication, and to be given gratuitously with the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, depicting scenes the observant traveler may note in his trip.

#### ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

These, with the smaller engravings in the paper itself, all sketched with great spirit and truthfulness, will give those who have neither the time nor the inclination to make the journey in person an exact conception of our grand overland route—from Atlantic to Pacific Ocean—bordered with scenery, mountain, and intervals, including magnificent watercourses, which has not its equal for grandeur and breadth elsewhere in the world.

The numbers of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER since the commencement of the publication in its pages of scenes and incidents met with by our artist in his journey to San Francisco, are especially valuable, and should be purchased and carefully filed for future reference by all who have an intelligent idea of the future of this continent—with its mineral, agricultural, and commercial treasures—which will surely be the seat of the highest possible civilization for man.

The third of the series of large engravings to be given away to purchasers of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is now in course of preparation, and will soon be ready for publication.

In this number we commence the publication of Charles G. Rosenberg's new romance—

#### "THREE CASTS FOR A LIFE."

It is a story of Russian life in the time immediately succeeding the strangely eventful career of the great Peter, and exhibits a phase of national existence we have had nothing in this country to compare with, on the score both of its startling energy and romantic incident. The old society of Russia, when it had barely emerged from barbarism and entered upon the lists of civilization, is drawn with marvelous strength, and displays the vigor and wealth of descriptive means at the command of the author. While in subtle intricacy and admirable development of plot we feel that it can scarcely be surpassed by any living novelist. In entering upon this romance the readers will be carried into an entirely new sphere, and we earnestly call their attention to it, as it is singularly different in its whole scope and power to "Close Play for a Million," with which Mr. Rosenberg created last year so thrillingly powerful a sensation in the columns of the CHIMNEY CORNER.

#### INFLUENCE OF FORESTS.

We have more than once alluded to the importance of preserving or restoring our forests as a matter of public economy and general good. Portions of our country are drying up and becoming barren from drouth, the consequence of our cutting away the rain-arresting and moisture-preserving trees. Look at some parts of New England now, compared with what they were thirty years ago! The meadows that used to be green all summer are now scantily covered with dry grass in August, and the hill-sides that afforded abundant pasturage of good grass are now entirely barren, or covered only with dwarf weeds and lichens. The Agriculture Society of Massachusetts were so fully impressed with this matter ten years ago, that it offered a prize of a thousand dollars to the man who should, in ten years, prove to have most effectually restored the forest to any considerable portion of upland. The well-known Major Perley Poore, of Newburyport, undertook the work, and has clothed a once bare, bleak, and barren hill, overlooking his residence, with a flourishing forest, only requiring time to rival the primitive one which the ax of the unthinking settler swept away. The success of his experiment will doubtless stimulate others to rival him in the good work of re-establishing our shrunken brooks, and again clothing the land in its robes of emerald.

An instance of the influence of forests or woodlands on rainfall, and consequently on climate, has made itself felt in Australia. In many districts the trees have been so wastefully cut down, that since 1863 the quantity of rain has gradually diminished from 37 inches in the year to 17 inches in 1868. Up to July of

the past year—a period which includes two of the wettest months of the season—the fall amounted to 11 inches only. In the colony of Victoria the deficiency of moisture has become so serious, that the Government has appointed an Inspector of Forests, whose duty will be to prevent the destruction of existing forests, and establish nurseries of young trees in favorable situations. By this means, it is believed, the beauty and fertility of the country may be renewed and increased, and the climate rendered more agreeable than at present.

#### THE LATEST DEFORMITY.

Has it occurred to any of the young ladies of the period upon what model they are now dressing and posing themselves? It is a curious thing how fashions come back after a long lapse of time. Yet if any of our readers of fashion will carefully study one of the older sort of picture-books devoted to the history of Mother Hubbard, she will certainly see a *fac-simile* of herself. *In primis*, there is the high-heeled buckled shoe; then the elaborately clocked stocking; next we have the projecting frill or ruff, and then the high-peaked hat; after this we have the fashionable stick supporting the now universal Grecian bend—and there she is. The only real difference is, that in Mother Hubbard this graceful bend is the result of the natural deformity of old age, a weak back, and the stick is a necessary support—a third leg, in fact, to prevent her falling forward. The stick is also needed in the Grecian bend, inasmuch as the support is equally required to keep the back in this strained and unnatural position. But even with the aid of a stick a constant strain must be kept up. Now let us ask the devotees of fashion if they have at all calculated what the consequences of a persistence in this absurdity will be. Suppose for a twelvemonth or so they continue to walk in this position. The constant strain will certainly produce permanent deformity. Some day the fashion will recur of walking upright again, and then we fear that our fair friends will, to their dismay, discover that they have cultivated a deformity which will last them their lives, and even if the spine and loins do not become quite incapable of resuming the position which nature intended them to assume, that they will have to undergo a long, tedious and painful course of back-boards, or lying on a flat, hard surface many hours a day, with various strappings, and other pains and tortures. Fashion certainly has done many amazing things to produce deformities and serious evils in the manner of tight-lacing, corns, bunions, rickety ankles, low dresses, and inefficient coverings for the lungs, etc., but there have been few fashions which have taken so very *outré* a model, or perhaps produced such mischief, as the high-heeled shoe with the Grecian bend is likely to. We laugh at and compassionate the ignorant savage who sticks fishbones through his nose, or blocks of wood into his lips. But the Indian squaw certainly might return the compliment with far greater reason in compassionating and laughing at the lady of the period in 1870.

#### POSTAL TELEGRAPHY.


As most of our readers are probably aware, the British Government has taken possession of the telegraphs, at a valuation, and attached them to its postal system—a measure to which we shall have to come sooner or later, and the sooner the better. The consequence is a reduction of three-fourths in the cost of sending messages (which can be paid with stamps), deposited like letters in the letter-stations, whence they are taken to certain offices, which are at the same time post-offices and telegraph-offices. Answers are delivered like letters, and with dispatch. In order to simplify everything, the Government supplies the public with telegraphic blanks, so contrived that when the message is written, its precise cost appears by the side of the last word. Certainly in whatever other respect we may have surpassed England, it is not in the utilization of the post and the telegraph.

The practice of "interviewing" all public men, or of reporters for the press impudently thrusting themselves on them, and asking all about their lives, habits, notions and purposes, and then publishing the whole, is happily an abuse that will soon cure itself. Meantime, however, if the reporters for the *New York* were to be told that the Devil had appeared on earth they would immediately prepare to "interview" him in their accustomed style, and we rather think that the Devil would perceive the expediency of submitting to be made public property. The reporter of the *New York* would inform the readers of that famous journal that he had called upon the Devil, and found him sitting by the fire in his private room, wrapped in a great-coat, and complaining of the unaccustomed cold. He would state that he was received by the Devil with a genial *empressment* which was quite fascinating. The distinguished stranger was reading that day's

*New York*—when the reporter entered, but he immediately arose, put away the paper, and motioning toward a sofa by the window, invited his visitor to sit, and, neatly folding his tall, seated himself beside him. He described his voyage across the abyss as pleasant, and he had found himself in excellent health when he reached New York. He seemed pleased with the aspect of the city, and remarked that its inhabitants displayed so much intelligence that he did not think he could teach them anything new. He decidedly disapproved of secession, and enthusiastically admired the character of the late lamented Abraham Lincoln. This is the sort of thing that the *New York* will publish when it gets the chance, and the competition between that journal and its rivals would be so keen that among them the Devil would be "interviewed" almost to death, and he would desire nothing so much as to get back safely to his own place. We should expect that when he got there he would instruct some of his under-devils in the business of "interviewing," so that they might apply a new form of torture to the malefactors who come under their treatment.

Our negro population is pressing southward, from Virginia and all the upper, into the Gulf States, while the "poor whites" in the latter States are migrating into the new States west of the Mississippi. These facts have already produced some very tangible results, as shown in the cotton crop of last year. In Alabama, the crop of the past year was eight per cent. more than the crop of the previous year; in Florida, it was seven per cent. more; in Louisiana, twelve per cent. more; in Mississippi, fifteen per cent. more; and in Texas, twenty-five per cent. more. In the Carolinas, Georgia and Tennessee, on the other hand, the crop of the past year averaged ten per cent. less than the crop of the previous year. This tendency of affairs naturally creates some alarm in Virginia and Kentucky. It is estimated that over 20,000 negroes have already left the former State. On this Captain Maury writes:

"The lifelong services of an able-bodied negro man were, before the war, valued at from \$1,000 to \$1,400—let us call it \$1,000. With the exodus of these 20,000 laborers, the State loses \$20,000,000 of its industrial capital. Before the war such an exodus would have left \$20,000,000 in its stead. Now the loss is total and complete. Nothing is left but the old, feeble and infirm who were dependent upon these able-bodied men, and whom those who remain have to care for. Yes, they left something more behind; they left the lands they have been cultivating to be turned out into 'old fields,' to become waste, and grow up with pine, briars and scrub, and thus, by increasing the area of uncultivated lands, diminish the marketable value of real estate in Virginia."

Our correspondent, Mr. Birch, the Egyptologist of the British Museum, sends us the following interesting paragraph: "A traveler from Baghdad, has brought to England, amongst some other antiquities, the seal or signet of Igi, son of Uruk, King of Babylonia, who reigned, according to Sir H. Rawlinson, about B. C. 2050, or was nearly contemporary with Abraham, according to the received chronology. It is in shape of a cylinder, is of a yellowish brown silex, pierced through its long axis, and is larger than any of this class of objects as yet known, measuring two inches high, by one and a half inches diameter. On it is represented a deity adored by two persons, and a long inscription in Babylonian cuneiform, containing the names of certain deities, and those of Igi and Uruk, and their titles of Kings of Beth Tsaida and Babylon. The following is the name of Igi: 



THE Boston Public Library is one of the finest and most useful institutions of this country. During the year just closed, 8,685 volumes were added to its shelves, and it now contains nearly 153,000 volumes, which gives an average of sixty or seventy to every hundred inhabitants. During the 284 days on which the Library was open, the number of books taken out was 218,677—a daily average of 770—and of these only one in 10,000 was not returned.

BEFORE the discovery of America, money was so scarce that the price of a day's work was fixed by act of the English Parliament in 1351 at one penny per day, and in 1314 the allowance of the chaplain to the Scotch bishops (then in prison in England) was three half-pence per day. At this time twenty-four eggs were sold for a penny, a pair of shoes for four pence, a fat goose for two and a half pence, a hen for a penny, wheat three pence per bushel,

and a fat ox for six shillings and eight pence. So that, in those days, a day's work would buy a hen, or two dozen of eggs; two day's work would buy a pair of shoes, and a fat ox cost eighty days' work. On the whole, human labor bought in the average about half as much food and perhaps one-fourth as much cloth or clothing as it now does.

EMIGRATION to this port during 1869 was greater than in 1868, aggregating 254,837. Just now emigration is not brisk, and indeed it seldom is during this period of the winter. The nativity of the majority of the passengers is shown by the following comparative table:

Country.	1868.	1869.
Germany	101,989	96,841
Ireland	47,071	68,632
England	29,665	41,537
Sweden	14,520	24,683
Scotland	7,390	10,411
Switzerland	3,302	3,153
France	2,811	1,924
Holland	1,265	1,343
Denmark	1,387	2,673
Norway	1,008	2,537
Italy	993	1,540
Wales	699	1,032

The most noticeable feature in this return is the increased emigration from England, pushing hard on that from Ireland. The German emigration falls off a fraction, but still shows a healthy preponderance.

AMONG the enemies of the grape in the great wine-growing regions of Burgundy, in France, are wolves from the forest of Le Merlan. During the summer they suffer much from thirst, owing to the scarcity of water in the forests, and then rush to the vineyards and take their fill of grapes. But the effect upon them is that the juice ferments in their stomachs, the fumes rise to their heads, they reel about like human beings, they become intoxicated, and then they fall into the powerful iron traps which are set for them, and from which escape is impossible. Foxes eat great quantities of grapes, but are themselves eaten in return by the Burgundians, and are considered a delicacy when properly flavored by being fed on grapes. In like manner, the fowls which eat grapes lay not only more but better eggs than those accustomed to a less generous diet.

SUICIDE, as well as homicide, is frightfully on the increase in this city. Last year (1869) we had no less than 111 cases of suicide, 80 of which were men and 31 women. Of the men, 26 shot themselves, 23 poisoned themselves, and 18 hung themselves; but of the women none resorted to shooting, and only one hung herself. Poisoning and drowning were the most common modes of self-destruction among the women. Fifteen of the female suicides poisoned themselves, 10 drowned themselves; and of the others, three stabbed themselves, two cut their throats, and one jumped from a window. Of the whole number of suicides, nearly one-half (or 50) were Germans, while 25 were American and 20 were of Irish nativity.

AT Cambridge, England, a Committee of Professors and other resident members of the University has been formed for the purpose of instituting courses of lectures to young women above seventeen years of age. The subjects are English history, English language and literature, Latin, Greek, German, French, algebra, arithmetic, geometry, logic, political economy, botany, physical geography, chemistry, harmony and acoustics in their application to music. The fee for a single course is five dollars.

Few are probably aware of the fate of Byron's heart. After his death at Missolonghi, in 1827, his body was embalmed and sent to England, but the heart was begged and obtained by the Greeks, who inclosed it in a silver case. Four years later, after the protracted siege of Missolonghi, a rallying party, carrying the relic with them, cut a way, with great sacrifice of life, through the Turkish lines; but the heart was lost in crossing the marshes.

AT the close of the war, the enthusiastic friends of General George H. Thomas made up a purse of a hundred thousand dollars to purchase for him a home. In a quiet, modest manner, so quiet and so modest that one cannot get hold even of the refusal to make a popular point of, he declined the gift. The sturdy, honest sense of self-reliance and self-respect shrunk from the transaction.

#### SELF-DOSING.

BY A. K. GARDNER, M.D.

THERE are few who essay the grand performance of shaving without some trepidation. To bring the sharp edge of the glittering razor against one's neck, the feeling that there is "only a plank between you and eternity," as the moralist would say, to know that there is many a slip and sharp cut near the lip, does not inspire the neophyte with the most profound serenity. It is astonishing how, of all the par-



ticles of speech, the first person singular pronoun is most important to a slashing article then in hand, "And when he plucked the cursed steel away, mark how the blood of — followed."

But this alarm is all imaginary. No one was ever known to do himself any serious injury. There is no more real reason for fear than the child who first uses a pin upon her rag baby. Any untoward result in either case is limited to a scratch or a cut, which is but skin-deep, to the harmless effusion of a few drops of blood, and a few days' time restores the parts to their former healthy condition.

Now, in direct opposition to this foolish fear is the foolhardy courage with which people use sharper-edged tools, less glittering, but more deadly potent, as handled alike for good and for ill.

Now, however, the outside of their throats are spared, and down the inside are ruthlessly poured streams of bitters, balsams, tonics, pills, potions and draughts. As in the former case, the throat is let off generally with a slight exclamation of little importance, but alas! for the stomach that receives these powerful drugs—shock of the constitution that has to bear the shock of their onset, and to resist their prolonged and often never-ending attack.

Is it not strange with what reckless zeal we find so many of the community willing to swallow any unknown medical agent—if only well advertised—for some malady which they don't know whether they have or not?

If a man should chance to see a bright spot shining under a door, or through a crack in a room where he chanced to be sitting, shivering, and, without knowing or waiting to see whether it was sunlight, or the light from a smoldering fire, should proceed to stuff the crack full of cotton or straw, or thrust a cork in, or nail a bit of thin wood over it, would not one set him down as a simpleton? Yet what do the patrons of advertised medicines do better? In what does the self-doser excel him we have called simpleton? He does not know what his headache, or any other pain, proceeds from. It may be headache from cold, from neuralgia, from incipient fever, bilious, too good a dinner yesterday, malarial, intermittent—in short, it may arise from forty distinct causes, dating back to a visit to the Campus Martius, or as near as a gouty toe.

It is lucky, with so little knowledge from what his trouble originates, he is equally ignorant of the properties of the medicines which he takes. He says his blood is to be purified, and takes sarsaparilla, because he sees it advertised. He fortunately does not know that sarsaparilla is inert, valueless as a medicine, and that the actual active qualities of every one of the many advertised patent nostrums going by this name contain either mercurials, potash, arsenic, iodine, or some powerful ingredient, from whence proceed all the potentiality ever found to result from their use.

Does our self-doser need any of these potent medications? If he has consumption threatening, most surely he cannot take anything more capable of developing it and insuring its rapid progress.

Finally, he sends for a doctor. He tells him that he has been ailing some time; has taken a few simple medicines—some sarsaparilla and pectorals, etc.—but the trouble has now got to be so serious that he was compelled to get some advice.

A day or two since there was a thrilling account in the papers, describing a political event in Japan, which differs little from the above, except that the brave Japanese knew what he was about, and did it from necessity. The account tells us, with horrible detail, how the man advanced into the midst of the collected assembly, wrapt in silence; that, removing his clothing from his waist to his hips, he seized a knife of exceeding strength and sharpness, plunged it vigorously and fearlessly into his abdomen, drew it upward, out to the right and the left, and finally dashing it upward toward the great centre of life, fell forward, as if to embrace the coming of death. At this moment an individual at his side, who had silently watched him, leaped forward, and, drawing a sword from its scabbard, at one vigorous swoop severed the head from the body of the disemboweled man writhing in his fatal agony.

The modern doctor has but little else to do than the Japanese executioner. His services are not exactly to give the *coup de grace*, but they are limited to assuaging, if not to immediately soothing the agony of the dying man. The irreparable injury has already been effected, and the physician's certificate is but a substitute for the coroner's inquest.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### England.—The Overend & Gurney Trial—Scene in the Court of Queen's Bench, London.

In the autumn of 1867 the banking-house of Overend & Gurney, which boasted an uninterrupted existence of one hundred and fifty years, and which had always been regarded as sufficiently strong to meet its liabilities, failed for several millions of pounds. It may well be imagined the panic that arose in the "monetary circles" of the British metropolis when it was announced that the hitherto trusted house of "the Quakers" had closed its doors—had announced its inability to meet its obligations—had, in a word, "smashed." It soon was whispered that the failure was conceived in fraud, and that the members of the great firm, by a bold stroke of rascality, had added to their enormous private fortunes at the expense of their clients. So general, in consequence of these rumors, became the indignation of the creditors, that the members of the firm were brought into the Court of Queen's Bench, where, however, such evidence was adduced proving the innocence of the parties placed on trial, that the jury unhesitatingly acquitted them of the charge of conspiracy to defraud. It was shown that their failure was caused by financial and commercial events over which they could have had no control, and that the tremendous revulsion which had

razed the long-standing financial fabric of Overend & Gurney, had, in common with their clients, utterly impoverished them. The engraving in our "Pictorial Spirit" represents the moment when the Solicitor-General commenced his address to the court in behalf of the defense.

##### Egypt.—The Guests of the Viceroy Going to a Ball.

Immediately preceding the formal opening of the Suez Canal, Egypt, as of old with locusts, was overrun by distinguished Europeans, who had been especially invited by the Khedive to attend the *fetes* he had thought proper should be instituted in honor of the completion of one of the grandest efforts of the civil engineer, and of modern civilization. And it must not be assumed that, because surrounded by the sombre evidences of a dead past, these guests were necessarily grave in their deportment. On the contrary, a rollicking sort of humor seems to have seized upon all. We shall not say their revelries were of the grimmest or the grimmest in the presence of the preserved Pharaohs, who, from Psammetichus down to the latest-crowned Copt, must have "rattled their bones" at the levity of the barbarians of the West. The engraving, "Going to a Ball," so full of rich humor, illustrates one of many comic incidents which made life in Egypt endurable while the Empress of the French and the Emperor of Austria were ascending its pyramids; or, as at Denderah, exploring its ancient temples—grand remains of a past architecture.

##### England.—Consecration of Three Bishops, at Westminster Abbey, London.

On the 28th ult., a very numerous congregation assembled in Westminster Abbey to witness the unusual circumstance of the exaltation of three clergymen to the Episcopacy in the Church of England. The persons raised to the office of Bishop were, the Rev. Lord Arthur Hervey, D.D., to the See of Bath and Wells; Dr. W. H. Sterling, to the Falkland Islands; and the Rev. Dr. Temple, to the Diocese of Exeter. It seems much opposition was expressed to the consecration of Dr. Temple by a large number of the most influential bishops, on account of diversity of opinion in certain matters of doctrine; but the queen had nominated, and the law made it imperative on the Archbishop of Canterbury to raise him without demur to the Episcopacy. Our engraving represents the Sacrament, crowded with the clergy in their gowns, at the moment the Bishop of London is blessing and endowing Dr. Temple as Bishop of Exeter.

##### Rome.—Grand Military Review at the Villa Borghese.

On a bright, warm day, toward the close of December—a day which had been preceded by many that were damp, chilly, and altogether disagreeable—the soldiery of the Pope, to the number of six thousand, few of them mercenaries, assembled in the large park of the Villa Borghese, near Rome. As the occasion of the assembly was a grand parade and marching review in honor of the prelates assembled to legislate upon the affairs of the Catholic Church, the denizens of the city, glad of a holiday and the opportunity of filling their lungs with fresh air, were drawn to the field of the pageant in large numbers. The "concourse of spectators" is written of as "enormous;" and it is added that "the spectacle was highly enjoyed by the reverend fathers, for whom a place was provided on one of the terraces." The Pontifical army numbers, at the present time, about twenty thousand men, of whom six thousand are in garrison in the immediate vicinity of Rome.

##### England.—The East London Railway and the Thames Tunnel.

The Thames Tunnel, one of the many splendid achievements of the late Isambard Brunel, was constructed at a cost of nearly four millions of dollars in our greenback currency. But so far as receipts were concerned, it proved a disastrous failure to the company, because the approaches to it could not be controlled in consequence of their inability to purchase the lands at its termini. The tunnel is likely now to come into paying use, it having recently passed into the proprietorship of the East London Railway Company, whose lines are laid in tunnels miles long. The Thames Tunnel was commenced in March, 1825, and the work of excavating through what geologists call "the London clay" continued until August, 1828, when, the waters breaking through the arches, work was suspended. In January, 1835, the "driving" was resumed with great vigor, and happily concluded in 1843. On the 25th of March of that year, the tunnel, with much ceremony, was opened to foot-passengers, who, by descending a well of nearly seventy feet, and passing over one hundred steps, were permitted, at a cost of one penny each, to walk the entire length of the tunnel, and reascending another flight, of equal height and number, to daylight. Except, perhaps, to gratify a laudable curiosity, as Londoners say, "that style of thing didn't pay." This the stockholders, who were quite prepared to accept dividends, soon found, to their sorrow. The Thames Tunnel is now made invaluable to the public, and for its present owners there is a fair prospect of profit. In our "Pictorial Spirit" we present an engraving, in which the East London Railway Station of the Thames Tunnel at Wapping is illustrated.

##### England.—Works on the Thames Embankment for the Metropolitan Railway, London.

The massive works which the engraving in the "Pictorial Spirit" presents to the eye, now in course of construction on the bank of the Thames, for a distance of two miles westward from Waterloo Bridge, are in furtherance of the original plans of the Metropolitan Railway Company, which, at enormous cost, have made, by their roads, London a "very convenient city to reside in." The embankment of the Thames is accepted as an "improvement" by the Cockneys; and in the cheapness and rapidity of the locomotion offered them, they care little about what, with us, would be denounced as a "monster monopoly"—the association that opened up such facilities for traveling in the British metropolis as are now therein.

##### Rome.—The Chamber of the Ecumenical Council, in the North Transept of St. Peter's.

The interior of the Council Chamber, which the engraving illustrates, is that part of the grand edifice of St. Peter known as the North Transept. It is not understood that in this vast hall the prelates, numbering about eight hundred, are to hold their daily or ordinary sessions. On the contrary, it will be occupied only on those days—such as of the Epiphany—that are set apart for solemn religious remembrances by the Church, or when the decrees of the Council are to be proclaimed. The real business of deliberation

is performed in other apartments. For this purpose the whole Council is divided into four Congregations or Committees—one meeting in the Sixtine Chapel of the Vatican; another, in a hall of the Scala Regia, within the palace; the third, in a hall of the Scala Ducale, and the fourth, in the Pauline Chapel, which is situated over the portico of St. Peter's Cathedral. On the 6th inst., being Epiphany, the whole Council, its members clothed in velvet, richly embroidered, reassembled in the hall of the North Transept, an engraving of which is given in our "Pictorial Spirit."

#### SCIENTIFIC NOTES AND GOSSIP.

A CEMENT, made by dissolving rubber cut fine in benzine, may be used to mend rubber boots and shoes. This cement will firmly fasten on a rubber patch.

At Singapore, India, the planters have found that the killing of tigers has been attended by the greater pest of an increase of wild hogs, which destroy the crops. One English planter has, therefore, become a protector of tigers, to restore the balance.

A FRENCH paper, especially devoted to the art of paper-manufacture, states that any alterations or falsifications of writings in ordinary ink may be rendered impossible by passing the paper upon which it is intended to write through a solution of gallic acid in pure distilled water. After the paper thus prepared has become thoroughly dry, it may be used as ordinary paper for writing; but any attempt made to alter, falsify or change anything written thereon, will be left perfectly visible, and may thus be readily detected.

M. A. RICHE informs the French Academy that, to form sonorous instruments of bronze, they should be hammered hot, as M. Dumas says the Japanese Encyclopedia prescribes. From experiments in the Mint at Paris, it appears that alloys, consisting of 20 tin and 80 copper, were run out into bars which contained from 18½ to 21½ per cent. of tin. When cold, these bars were brittle under the hammer; at about 300 or 350 degrees (C.) a sensible improvement was noticed, and at a dull-red heat they could be beaten out into thin sheets, which were very sonorous when cold.

An invention that may be developed into something of great value is that of an English chemist, designed to show the existence of malarious gases. A piece of fused boracic acid the size of a walnut is heated to redness in chlorine. The mass is then blown, the same as common glass, into a bulb, and the "gasophaner" is ready for use. When first made the bulb is perfectly clear, but on being brought into contact with carbonic acid gas, it becomes clouded with a light blue film, giving an opal lustre. By gentle reheating the film passes away. So great is the delicacy of the gasophaner, that the breath of a child or a healthy person breathed on the bulb can be detected from that of a person exhaling more carbonic acid. When held over a solution of sulphur, the bulb becomes pitted, as if with smallpox.

That which is wrongly styled civilization is certainly at its zenith when we require artificial bosoms for our imperfectly developed maidens. Strange, however, as it may appear, a patent has been actually taken out by Mr. J. D. Thomas, of Liverpool, for what he terms an artificial bust, but which we conceive to be nothing less than what we have stated. *Votet* the specification: The inventor forms the whole of the parts of air-proof, or nearly air-proof materials, the back, or that portion worn next to the person, being made of a rigid or stiffish material, such as cardboard, vulcanite, or other hardened India-rubber, and the front or raised portion of a flexible material, such as India-rubber or other so-called air-proof cloth. The inflating is effected preferably in an atmosphere of about 60 degrees Fahr., or air or other gas at that temperature is admitted before the parts are permanently closed.

The peculiarities of day and night in Sweden strike the traveler very forcibly, after being accustomed to the temperate zones. In June the sun goes down in Stockholm a little before ten o'clock. There is great illumination all night, as the sun passes round the earth toward the north pole, and the refraction of its rays is such that you can see to read at midnight without any artificial light. There is a mountain at the head of Bothnia where, on the 21st of June, the sun does not appear to go down at all. The steamboat goes up from Stockholm for the purpose of conveying those who are curious to witness the phenomenon. It occurs only one night. The sun reaches the horizon; you can see the whole face of it, and in five minutes more it begins to rise. At the North Cape, latitude seventy-two degrees, the sun does not go down for several weeks. In June it would be about twenty-five degrees above the horizon at midnight. In the winter the sun disappears, and is not seen for weeks; then it comes, and remains for ten or fifteen minutes, after which it descends, and finally does not set at all, but makes almost a circle round the heavens. The Swedes are very industrious, and labor is reckoned by the hour, twelve hours being reckoned a day's work. Birds and animals take their accustomed rest at the usual hour, whether the sun goes down or not.

OTHER facts besides those given in our Gossip of last week go to show that the depths of the ocean are not devoid of life and color. More than fifty years ago, General Sabine witnessed the bringing up of a living star-fish of large size from a depth of 4,800 feet in Baffin's Bay, and since then other evidence, similar in kind, has been brought forward. The latest facts bearing on the question were lately laid before the Royal Society of London, when Mr. Gwyn Jeffreys stated in confirmation that shells brought up from the deepest dredgings, off the Shetlands, were as brightly colored as those found in shallow waters. It appears, indeed, that, so far from being lifeless, the deep sea bottom teems with animal life, and with creatures of a very remarkable kind, some of which connect long-past geological periods with the geological action going on in our own time. The high importance of this fact will be manifest to all who have studied the question from a scientific point of view. The soundings and dredgings under the United States Coast Survey were resumed last year; and though, through interruption by yellow fever, the season was but a short one, the fact was clearly ascertained that, in the sea between Key West and Havana, "animal life exists at great depths in as great diversity and as great an abundance as in shallow water." And in the exploration in the present year the dredge brought up, from a depth of 3,102 feet, "a very handsome mopea, a crab, an ophiurian," etc.

#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

DUMAS is dramatizing the Kinck murder.

"FAUST" has already brought \$80,000 to Gounod's purse.

RISTORI has been giving some brilliant receptions in Paris.

MR. E. L. DAVENPORT is in retirement at present, near Boston.

Mlle. CLARISSA has made a grand hit in opera at Philadelphia.

PRETTY Vienna actresses are showered with fruit instead of flowers.

OCTAVE FRUILLET has just completed a play, "Julie," which Paris has pronounced good.

MARIO continues at St. Petersburg, and is in excellent health and good vocal condition.

It is said that Joseph Proctor, the tragedian, intends opening a theatre in San Francisco.

GOTTSCHE, the pianist, died on the 18th of December, at Rio Janeiro, in his forty-first year.

WAGNER's "Phantom Ship" has been produced at Rotterdam, and his "Maitres Chanteurs" at Weimar.

VERDI will pass the winter in Genoa. Offenbach is in Vienna, producing his "Princesse de Trebizond."

SARGENT has again given up the drama, and taken to prestidigit—and the rest of the alphabet, in Detroit, Mich.

STRAKOSCH pays \$16,000 salary a month to the troupe which is performing Rossini's *Mass* for him in Europe.

MRS. JOHN DREW is making Andrew Halliday's production of "Little Em'ly" the great sensation of the day in Philadelphia.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON has been delighting the people of New Orleans with his unapproachable representation of Rip Van Winkle.

OLIVE LOGAN's new comedy, "Surf," has been presented at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, with appropriate scenery and an excellent cast.

A GRANDDAUGHTER of the Ex-Hon. Christian Rosellus, and a granddaughter of the Ex-Hon. Pierre Soule, are giving concerts in New Orleans.

MADAME SASS has been singing with great eclat in Pergola, and has received from the King of Italy a superb diamond bracelet, valued at \$1,500.

FERRARI, the composer of "Pipolo," is a Genoese, now living at Turin, and though he has been long before the public, is still a comparatively young man.

THE revival of the military drama, "Ours," at Wallack's, has proved a fortunate act of the management, and has attracted unusually large audiences.

"NOT GUILTY; OR, THE YOUNG VOLUNTEER CORPS," a thrilling domestic drama, is crowding the Walnut Street Theatre nightly with the most *recherche* audiences.

THE dramatic season in New Orleans has been particularly lively this winter, and almost every specimen of stage acting and mis-acting has been presented.

CALABRESI, the manager of the New Orleans Opera House, has inaugurated matinees successfully. Hitherto no day performance has ever been given.

At an amateur dramatic performance given at Hong Kong by the officers of the British frigate *Galatea*, the Duke of Edinburgh officiated as director of the orchestra.

It is said that Queen Hortense composed both the music and the words of the celebrated "Par-tant pour la Syrie," while making her toilet for a gala dinner at Amsterdam.

MINNIE HAUCK sang in "Faust" at Moscow, and was called out ten times after the garden scene, fourteen times after the church scene, and six times at the end of the opera.

LITOLFF, for producing some extracts from "Le Darnation de Faust" of Berlioz, at a late concert, has been presented with the baton with which Berlioz used to direct his orchestra.

GRIST left directions in her will that her body should rest in the vault in which her two eldest girls are laid, at Pere la Chaise. So the great singer will be near the great composer, Rossini.

OLE BULL, who has recently returned from Norway, has given up his projected tour of the South, and will, after giving some concerts in California, visit the Norwegian settlement in the Far West.

J. Q. WETTERBERG, "first American vocalist to her Majesty Queen Victoria, and associate of the Royal Academy of Music, London," is writing some "Remarks on the Voice," in the Boston "Folio."

THE Georgians are to have an opportunity of testing the strength of their ideas, a Burlesque Opera Troupe, under the management of Mrs. Oates, being engaged for Macon, Savannah, and other cities.

A NEW tragedy, entitled "Maximilian of Mexico," has just been published in Stuttgart; but, although the author gives the unfortunate monarch credit for his good intentions, Juarez is the real hero.

HERB. BANDMANN, while playing the last scene of "Othello," in Melbourne, Australia, accidentally stabbed the lady who played Emilia to his Iago, and the audience applauded loudly the effective performance.

CAMILLA URSO has petitioned the Board of Education of San Francisco for the services of 2,000 children of the public schools of that city to assist at the great musical festival she is arranging for the benefit of the Mercantile Library.

A MELODRAMA has been brought out in a small London Theatre, entitled "Tropmann; or, the Human Tiger." All the details of the crime are faithfully produced. The audience is present at the assassination of the six victims. The last act represents the court of assizes. Tropmann is on the bench of the accused. The jury is about to deliver the verdict. Suddenly a noise is heard, a door opens, and there appears—Kinck, senior. Tableau.

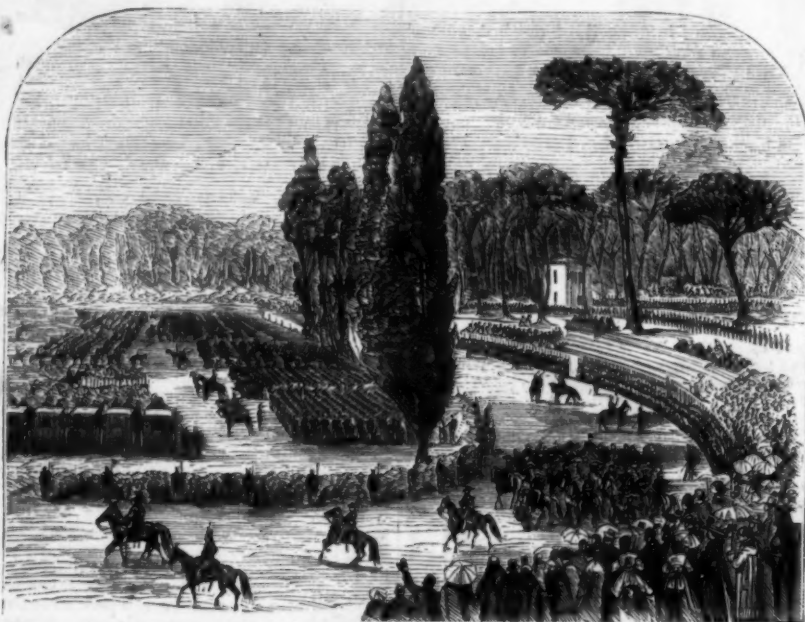
A VERY attractive grand concert in aid of distressed Cuban families will be given on Saturday evening, 25th inst., at the Art Building, Fifth avenue, under the auspices of Mrs. Adele T. Varona, the efficient and accomplished Secretary of the College of Music, this city. The programme for the occasion embraces a choice and varied selection of popular musical compositions. Mrs. Varona will be assisted by Madame Gaszanga Albites and other singers, who have volunteered their services. As the receipts of the concert will be used by Mrs. Varona for the benefit of the starving families of Cuban patriots, it is to be hoped that our citizens will liberally second her efforts.



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EGYPT.—THE GUESTS OF THE VICEROY GOING TO A BALL.



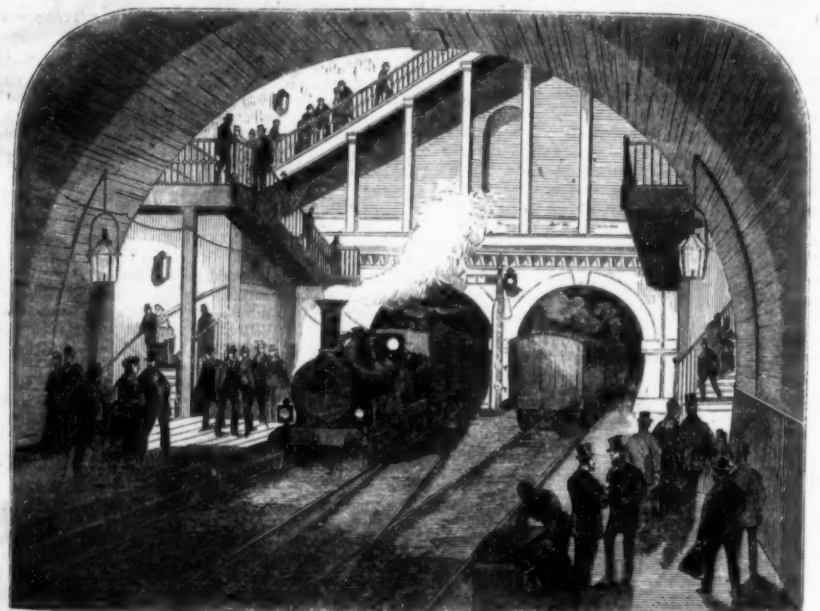
ROME.—GRAND MILITARY REVIEW AT THE VILLA BORGHESE.



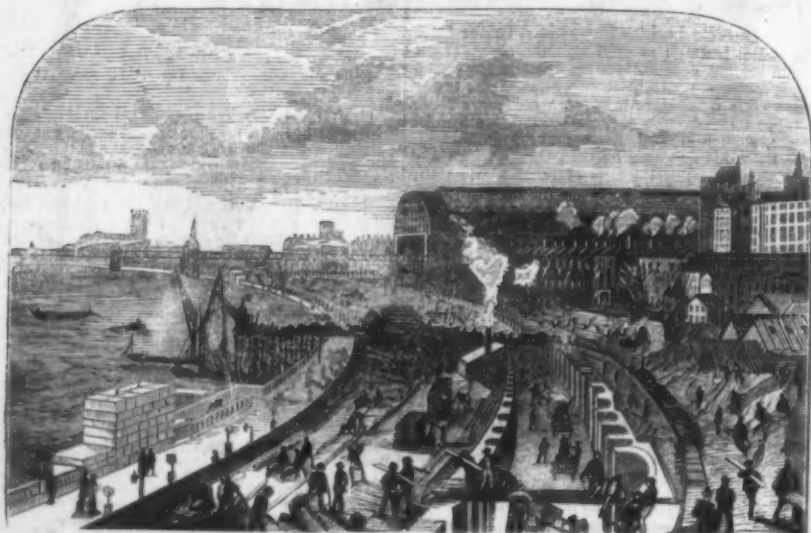
ROME.—THE COUNCIL CHAMBER IN THE NORTH TRANSEPT OF ST. PETER'S.



ENGLAND.—CONSECRATION OF THREE BISHOPS AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY, LONDON.



ENGLAND.—THE EAST LONDON RAILWAY, AND THE THAMES TUNNEL.



ENGLAND.—WORKS ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT FOR THE METROPOLITAN RAILWAY, LONDON.



ENGLAND.—THE OVEREND &amp; GURNEY TRIAL.—SCENE IN THE COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH, LONDON.





ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—A MORMON FARMER AND HIS FAMILY IN THE STREETS OF SALT LAKE CITY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 353.

# ARRIVAL OF PRINCE ARTHUR IN NEW YORK.

On Friday, January 21, Prince Arthur, third son of Victoria of England, a tall and manly-looking youth of nineteen years, arrived in this city, en route to the national capital, at twenty-five minutes to one P. M., direct from Montreal, via the Hudson River and other roads. The prince, with his travelling companions, consisting of Colonel Elphinstone, Lieutenants Packard and Fitzroy and servants, two in and two out of livery, rode in an ordinary railway carriage, fitted up as a parlor. Incidentally the prince expressed himself delighted with the trip, which was made in twenty-two hours. He was very quietly received at the depot in Thirtieth street, but few persons being present. The prince was welcomed by Mr. Thornton, the



ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—STREET SCENE IN SALT LAKE CITY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 353.

British Minister to the United States, Mr. Archibald, British Consul for this port, and two or three less noted personages. The prince shook the hand of the Minister very cordially, and then entered a private carriage in waiting, and, with his suite, was immediately driven to the Brevoort House, on Fifth avenue. Subsequent to the discussion of a lunch, and a few moments given to physical repose, the prince and his following were taken to the Central Park, where a couple of hours were pleasantly passed inspecting its beauties. In the evening the party proceeded to Wallack's Theatre, and remained until the close of the performance. The audience, although mostly composed of English residents of this city, were not very demonstrative. On retiring from the auditorium, they gathered in the vestibule, through which the prince and suite were necessitated to pass to their carriages,



ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—THE FISH MARKET, SALT LAKE CITY.—MEMBERS OF BRIGAM YOUNG'S FAMILY BUYING FISH.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 353.



and he was there received with cheers, rather for his mother, "the good Queen Victoria," as they called her, than for himself.

On Saturday, the prince resumed his journey for Washington, where he arrived on time, and immediately proceeded, accompanied by that gentleman, to Mr. Thornton's house.

Our illustration on the first page accurately presents the reception of the prince on his arrival at the depot of the Hudson River Railroad, this city, by the British Minister.

### THE FIRST AND LAST KISS.

Thy lips are quiet and thine eyes are still,  
Cold, colorless, and sad thy placid face,  
Thy form has only now the statue's grace;  
My words wake not thy voice, nor can they fill  
Thine eyes with light. Before Fate's mighty will

Our wills must bow; yet for a little space  
I sit with thee and Death in this lone place,  
And hold thy hands that are so white and chill.  
I always lov'd thee, which thou didst not know,  
Though well he knew whose wedded love thou wert;

Now thou art dead I may raise up the fold  
That hides thy face, and by thee bending low,  
For the first time and last before we part,  
Kiss the cur'd lips—calm, beautiful, and cold.

### THREE CASTS FOR A LIFE.

BY C. G. ROSENBERG.

#### PART I.—THE RUSSIAN SERF.

CHAPTER I.—A MORAL REFLECTION—THE NOBLEMAN AND THE SERF—STARTING TO VISIT A RUSSIAN BOYARD—LOVE THAT ASPIRES TOO HIGH—FRIENDLY COUNSEL—FALCON AND DOVE MAY NOT MATE—SKIN DEEP.

"At! Let the dead bury their dead."

The words which immediately followed upon this sharp exclamation were muttered between the teeth of the young man from whom it escaped. They could neither be heard by the French valet whose fingers still rested upon the bridle of the horse his master had just mounted, nor by the Russian domestic who was sitting like a statue upon one of the odd round yet wiry horses of the country, a few paces behind him.

It was, it may freely be owned, a singular reflection to have found utterance from the lips, or to have crossed the mind of so young a gentleman.

For, it was a young and dashing gentleman—there were dashing men, and gentlemen, too, in A. D. 1738—who had just mounted his chestnut stallion, a splendid half-breed Arab, at the door of the mansion, or, as it ought more properly to be called, the palace of Count Wollinski, one of the Cabinet Ministers of the Tsarina Anna Petrovna, in the then new city of St. Petersburg, one of the most singular creations of the most eccentric and most marvelous of European sovereigns—Peter the Great.

Even then St. Petersburg was a wonderful city.

Its palaces and churches were scattered at wide intervals among the wooden houses and huts inhabited by the tradesmen and foreigners who made up its population. If there was a plenitude of equal and fifth, nestling under the very nose of the Empress, the roads and streets had been largely and broadly designed, in accordance with the largeness of mind which characterized all that its founder did for the benefit of Russia; and, at present, its magnificent proportions and grandeur attest the princely foresight of the man whom his subjects regarded as little less than a god, while contemporary Europe sneered at him as little more than an unlettered barbarian.

Scarcely had the young gentleman we have already mentioned uttered the brief sentence with which this tale commences, than he turned to the Parisian domestic.

"You understand what you have to do?"

He put this question with an imperative graciousness, which would have sufficed to stamp his station in the mind of any hearer who might have been listening to him, whether he had been dressed in the coarse caftan of the Moujik, or the silk, velvet and broadcloth of the nobleman.

"Certainly, my lord."

"In four weeks I shall return."

"So, I already understood, it was your intention to do, Count Henri."

"And then—back—!" ejaculated the nobleman, with a grave sigh.

"To la belle—"

"La belle France!" exclaimed Henri de Chateaupers, with a sharply impatient gesture, as, turning to the Russian servant who had been lent him by his host, he added, "Let us start, Ivan."

Touching the flanks of his steed lightly with his heel, and loosening the rein, he galloped down the street, followed by the Russian, as a girl stole from the door of the palace, and gazed wistfully after the two riders. It may, however, be candidly said it was not after the handsome French count that her gaze wandered. She is the daughter of the mistress of Wollinski's household, a large-sounding name for a serf, and her eyes longingly follow the quickly receding figure of the Moujik, Ivan, to whom she has been many months betrothed. They are only waiting for the permission of their master to marry.

As Monsieur Martin turns to re-enter the palace he sees her.

"What, little one?" he cries. "Awake, and at such an early hour as this?"

The words are French, but Accolina understands them, for she has been taught that language by her young mistress. Blushing, until her fair skin reddens like a peony, she turns

and rushes into the hall, where the porter stands ready to close the doors as soon as the French valet chooses to permit him to do so, that he may again stretch himself upon his mat, and resume his broken slumber.

For Monsieur Martin is right.

It is an early hour, though the sunshine on the broad streets of the city is clear and sharp as it might be some hours later in more southern climes. The morning is one in the summer of Northern Russia—that delicious period of the year which seems to mock the icy breath of the snow, when Nature seems to wake all the fresher and the greener for its long and compulsory sleep. By the advice of his host, Count Henri has started before he himself has slumbered for two hours.

He is, riding to the residence of the Boyard Dimitry—an acquaintance of his father's, when the latter had been attached to the French Embassy some twenty years earlier—or, rather, to one of his many residences. The Boyard is one of the original Magnates of his country—that rough and hard race of men, whose once absolute independence of life, whim and will it has taken so many years of astute, energetic and untiring policy to break. He had seen his brother—then the Boyard—a sovereign upon his own lands, with the right of life and death among his own serfs, compelled to bend before a ruler and a harsher vigor than his own, in the person of the great Tsar. When he succeeded that brother, he had chafed to feel that he dared not resist him.

Consequently, he laughed out when he saw that a Mightier One than Tsar, Reformer or Conqueror, had summoned Peter.

"By St. Nicolas!" he said, "it will be long enough before another of Peter's blood will fill out the old man's shoes. When it chances, I shall be dead. Let those who come after me look out for themselves."

It was on a brief visit to this nobleman, after the receipt of an invitation written to him couched in rude French, that Henri de Chateaupers was now riding.

"My dear count," said Wollinski to him when he received the letter, "you must go."

"Must?" echoed the young man, jestingly.

"Yes!" replied Wollinski. "I am, as he is, a Boyard by birth, but with considerable European varnish spread over me."

"I thought you were real Russ."

"So I am," replied the minister. "Russ in heart and soul. Yet you must see him."

"Why?"

"To see the Russ in his own skin, and in his own home."

"Yet—here, surely—!" commenced De Chateaupers, looking round him.

Wollinski raised his eyebrows.

"French, German and English books, some Latin and a little Greek," he said, interrupting him, and waving his hand to the well-stocked shelves in his library. "This writing-table is English, the chairs we sit on are French, the clock, Swiss, the candles are English. What have I Russian about me?"

"The masonry, surely," answered the Frenchman, laughing.

"Even there you are wrong."

"How?"

"Oh! the stone is Russian. But it was cut out with English tools, and a German architect planned and built the walls."

"Your table—"

"Is in the hands of a French cook."

The case was well made out, and Monsieur de Chateaupers frankly acknowledged that it was so.

"Now, in visiting old Dimitry you will see none of this. Candidly, I doubt whether you will hear a word of French spoken, save in the first half-dozen sentences of welcome he exchanges with you. Unless, indeed, his son—"

as he said this, Wollinski's eyes flashed fire.

"Unless—his son?" repeated the French nobleman, inquiringly.

"His son is a cur," sneered the Russian count. "Russ without a Russian feeling in him. I know him to be a coward—"

He broke off suddenly, as if regretting that he had said so much.

"A coward?" said the young man, as his lip curled with the natural scorn a brave heart must invariably feel when it hears such a term applied by one it respects, or is intimate with, to another—known or unknown—who may be his fellow in rank and standing.

"I regret that I have said this."

"For what reason?"

"Because I respect the old Boyard."

"Surely your opinion of his son cannot change your feelings to him."

For an instant Wollinski was silent.

Then, without appearing to heed what his friend had said, he continued, "Had I but the one-half of the old man's rough hardihood, I, too, might have lived among my own people, on my own lands—a prince in my own right."

Momentarily, his eyes dimmed, as though they seemed to interrogate the future—perhaps half present of that dark block and gleaming ax whose shadows were even then darkling on it.

Once more he spoke directly to Henri de Chateaupers.

"Go, my brother," he said, affectionately, to the young man. "I need scarcely tell you, why you should. Remember," he went on, relapsing, as the Russian so constantly does when he speaks earnestly, into simile, "that the moth's wings cannot but scorch when they flutter too near the flame."

The crimson blood flushed redly, when he heard this, over the cheek, neck and brow of the young French nobleman. He drew a quick, sharp breath.

"Mort de Dieu!" he began. "Count Wollinski, the Princess Eliz—"

With a passionate gesture, the Russian statesman arrested the word which had half issued from his lips.

"Let us name no names, my friend. You have been dazzled, and will recover your senses when you are far from the lamp which now

blinds you. The falcon and the dove can never mate."

It had been an almost unconscious dream upon the part of the young Frenchman. The beauty and charming manners of the Princess Elizabeth, the daughter of the great Peter, who subsequently succeeded the Tsarina Anna, had for a few weeks blinded him to the difference of their station, or possibly to what his feelings with regard to her might become, until his friend—he had met him first at Vienna—drew, with a gentle touch, the mantle from before his sight. Irritated as he might feel at having his feelings so transparently read by the statesman, he could not be offended with the manner in which Wollinski had brought the falseness and danger of his position before him.

That night he lay awake and thought.

When, on the following morning, he met the Russian count at breakfast, he said simply, "I thank you, my friend."

Later in the day, on the return of Wollinski from an audience on state affairs with the Tsarina, he asked whether it would be necessary for him to pay his respects to the Empress Anna before leaving for his proposed visit to the Boyard.

"Not, unless you wish to do so."

"I do not, Wollinski."

"You are right."

Henri de Chateaupers sighed, and, as he did so, endeavored to veil it with a laugh. It may be said that while the laugh was a forced one, the sigh was perfectly natural.

Nevertheless, when Wollinski heard the laugh, he also laughed inwardly.

"The barb of the arrow," he thought, "has not as yet entered very deeply. The surgeon has attended to it in time."

Then the young French nobleman inquired of his friend the distance the dwelling of the Boyard Dimitry, to which he had been invited, lay from St. Petersburg.

"Twenty-eight versts."

"Two days' journey?"

"Nearer three. The roads within fifteen versts of the estate are bad enough now. In autumn, they are almost impassable."

The statesman then suggested to the count that as Monsieur Martin's knowledge of Russian was of the most limited description, it would be far better for him to take Ivan, Wollinski's own valet, with him. Another serf was dispatched on the next day with such necessities as De Chateaupers might absolutely require, and upon the following morning he himself started. Thus it was, that when the Frenchman was on the point of quitting St. Petersburg, thinking of his hopeless passion—or, let it be called, fancy—he relieved his sense of misery with the words:

"Let the dead bury their dead."

It must frankly be owned, as Wollinski thought, that if his young friend were able to settle the matter in his own heart to his own satisfaction, by so well-worn an answer, that the barb of the arrow which had pierced it could merely have entered it skin-deep.

CHAPTER II.—ON THE ROAD IN A YOUNG COUNTRY—SUMMER HEAT—CLEAR SPACE FOR A GALLOP—THE MORASS—PERIL OF DEATH—ONE CHANCE MORE—THE VISION OF BEAUTY—MUCH LOVELINESS AND SOME MUSCLE.

Noon had already long past. Save an hour and a half, during which the French count and his temporary servant had halted at a wayside *kabak* or Russian tavern, for refreshment, and where Ivan had produced a cold fowl and ham, of which Henri de Chateaupers had partaken, while he himself shared heartily a true and greasy Russian meal with the family, they had been some eleven hours in the saddle. The heat had been scorching, and Henri de Chateaupers began to believe the truth of the observation of Artemy Wollinski on the condition of the roads in summer, as well as to imagine the state he attributed to them in autumn. He and Ivan had, in fact, already quitted the main route leading to St. Petersburg.

It was one of those which had been created by its founder to answer the necessities of the new city.

They were traveling on one of the old roads of the country—it was scarcely more than a bear-track, and may have originally, before man had settled here, served the animal for that purpose—through the dense overgrowth of pine, larch and scrubby-oak which at that period covered, well nigh, three-fourths of Northern Russia.

The sultriness of the summer heat had penetrated even here, and the noble animal on which the young man was mounted marked by its slackening pace that the day's work had already told upon him. While his hand wandered over the grandly-arching neck of the Arab, Monsieur de Chateaupers turned to Wollinski's serf.

"How far is it that we have yet to go, Ivan, before we rest for the night?"

"Nearly a verst, master."

"How long shall we be in doing it?"

"An hour and a half's ride will bring us, master, to the next *kabak*."

As this answer was given him, the stunted trees became thinner, then more scattered, and in a few minutes they emerged from the dense and leafy underwood upon some three or four miles of flat country, covered with a rank green grass and low bushes. A thick fog seemed drifting over it, between the swelling knolls which broke up the otherwise plain surface.

"Master, I was right."

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed De Chateaupers, in French, patting the crest of his stallion, "that I can give thee, Starbeam, a better mile or two than our few last have been."

Saying this, he shook the rein free upon the neck of the horse, which, with a whinny of delight, leaped from the rocky track. For a moment or more the Russian, who had been well nigh beside him, was so petrified that he uttered

no word. Then, his cry rung out clear and shrill on the silent and sultry air.

"For the love of heaven, master, come back." The count looked round laughingly, and shook his head.

"In the name of St. Sergius—"

Then he heard the count's words:

"Follow me, Ivan."

The hesitation of the serf—for he evidently did hesitate—lasted but for an instant. Too thoroughly were the habits of obedience implanted in the downtrodden race to which he belonged, for him to disobey. Thrusting the long steel spurs in his little animal's round sides, with a deep groan of trouble, he followed the Frenchman.

Yet, there was nothing to a stranger's eye that should have caused him any fear.

He was still at a considerable distance behind Monsieur de Chateaupers when he heard a sudden exclamation of astonishment, rather than of trouble, break from the count's lips. The green and almost savanna-like plain across which he had been riding extended to a shallow and reed-grown stream, along which the road they had been following, having touched it, continued to wind. Hitherto, the drifting vapor and sweeping undulations of the meadow had concealed the distant river from him. As he caught sight of it, a wild swan rose into the air a few paces from him, with its harsh and ungainly cry. When it did so, the ground was already quaking beneath his horse's hoof. With a fierce start the noble Arab sprang back, shuddering in every limb.

It was too late.

The speed of the horse had carried him too far upon the treacherous morass. His feet were already sinking beneath its green veil. Ivan's dread had arisen from the fact that he knew the country, and feared the young Frenchman might unwittingly be thus ensnared.

A fierce scream of terror, rather than a neigh, arose from the stallion, whose trembling struggles to escape only made him sink the quicker. When his attendant came nearer, he saw that the young Frenchman was about to quit the back—it can scarcely be called to dismount from the noble brute, whose terrified struggles he was vainly endeavoring to quiet.

"Remain on his back, master," he cried to him, "or you, too, will sink."

"But what, then, shall I do?"

"God and the Tsarina only know!" groaned the Moujik.

Henri de Chateaupers would, at any other time, have laughed right out at such a coupling as that made by Ivan. Now, he felt that his present situation was no laughing matter.

"Am I, then, to be swallowed up in this infernal quagmire?"

Ivan wrung his hands despairingly.

"Can you not help me, Ivan?"

The serf endeavored cautiously to force his horse nearer to the Frenchman. But the Tartar steed knew that he was on firm ground. He bent his nose and smelt at the earth before him. Then he advanced some six or seven inches nearer, and again smelt the earth. No! He would budge not another inch.

By this time the young count had succeeded in calming the angry yet frightened struggles of his steed. Starbeam was quivering in every limb with terror, and his furious efforts to escape from this strange danger had already plunged him in the morass up to his saddle-girths. The feet of Monsieur de Chateaupers were already hidden by the treacherous vegetation which covered its surface.

Ivan dismounted, for he could prevail neither by threat nor entreaty upon the crafty animal he had been mounted upon to move any nearer.

Therefore, he contented himself with cautiously slipping from the back of the animal, and taking the lance which at this period, in traveling, the servants of the nobles—if Russ, as well as the Cossacks—always carried, carefully advanced, examining, or, rather, feeling each separate step he made.

At last, he found that the quaking earth would no longer bear him.

He extended his spear to the Frenchman.

It was in vain.

Neither St. Denis nor *Le bon Dieu*, to whom, involuntarily, he addressed an internal ejaculation, in much the same manner in which the Russian serf had appealed, a few moments since, to "God and the Tsarina"—although each of them impalpable powers—appeared to care one copper copeck for his tribulation.

Stretching out his arm, he strove to grasp the thin staff of hard wood which was stretched out so invitingly toward him.

"*Mille Tonnerres!*" he growled out, savagely—it was an expletive he had learnt to use during his service in the Swiss Guard at the French Court—"am I to die here?"

"Not, master, if I can help it."

"And what the deuce can you do?"

The treacherous level of the quagmire had already touched the nostrils of the Arab stallion, who threw his head upward with a loud neigh of terror, again plunging violently. This drew himself and his rider deeper within the morass. Again the animal became still, with his long neck, which that morning had arched so proudly, stretched out, so as to keep his trembling head above the treacherous verdure. While Monsieur de Chateaupers was doing his best to calm the noble brute, and before he, or, rather, Starbeam's terror, had achieved this desirable result, the long lance of the Moujik, propelled by a skillful hand, fell precisely between his body and the horse's neck.

"What!" he exclaimed, starting, and protruding his left hand in the direction of his holster—in those days, travelers always rode prepared for the chances—"do you—"

His eyes fell upon the stout staff of the javelin, and he stopped short, ashamed of the idea which had crossed his brain.

Ivan was a true Russ.

He was evidently a man of resource.

The two saddle-bags which he bore with him were attached to the lance.



"Be quick, master."

The Moujik had again sprung upon the back of his hardy Tartar pony.

Again the unworthy idea of treachery rose in the mind of the young Frenchman.

"Where are you going, rascal?"

It was impossible, from the tone in which De Chateaupers addressed him, that the serf could avoid feeling what had momentarily passed through the mind of the nobleman.

With a rude expression of regret painted upon his rough and masculine countenance, he turned and said—

"I ought to have explained, master. If I remain here with you, you must die. I shall die also. When the oak falls, the acorns drop with it. Our only help is, that I should cut a tree sufficiently long, from yonder woods, to bridge the space between us, and bring it here."

"Forgive me, Ivan."

Without appearing to notice the quick shame which had mastered the count, the serf continued:

"Master, listen to me. Tie the saddle-bags, one to each end of the spear, and place it endwise beneath the nose of Starbeam. He will not sink so quickly. Now, I go."

Scarcely had he terminated these words than his horse was rapidly covering the plain with its short, quick and trotting stride, in the direction of those trees they had so recently emerged from. Shame that he had so unjustly suspected Wolinski's serf, might have kept the young Frenchman watching his retreating form, were it not that he himself felt, as the Moujik evidently did, the necessity for immediate action. Consequently, he immediately proceeded to fulfill his instructions. This was accomplished with considerable difficulty. A grateful neigh of pleasure from his Arab temporarily rewarded him.

Then he again turned to look after Ivan. But the serf was already concealed by the clustering and stunted trees on the outskirts of the forest.

After a lapse of some moments, he again looked at the head of Starbeam.

It had sunk no more, or very little.

The back of the Arab was, however, very nearly covered.

Again a suspicion arose within his brain. What if Ivan had really abandoned him? Would it not be better for him to take the staff, buoyed up as it must be by the two saddle-bags attached to it, and endeavor with that support to reach firmer ground? He had already stretched out his hand, leaning forward, to recover it, when he caught the full and meaning eye of the Arab stallion turned back upon him. It seemed almost as if the animal were conscious of his purpose. He might have fancied that it was appealing to him reproachfully.

At all events, he drew himself rapidly back.

"No, Starbeam," he ejaculated, "I cannot do so. Fear not. If thou goest, I will die with thee."

The Count de Chateaupers, in all probability, felt convinced that the grim ferryman of the passage to Hades had not yet run the prow of his dark boat upon the shore of life, in waiting for his soul. Had it not been so, his self-abnegation would have been too tryingly romantic. To die upon the battle-field, amid the roar and turmoil of the strife, with a consciousness of future glory rising upon the spirit, already about to spread its wings—to perish in the sweeping roar of the tempest; or to offer up one's life on the scaffold in support of some grand idea or noble impression, which afterwards will hallow, might have been not altogether unappreciated by him. But to stifle in a Russian morass, when upon the road to visit a Russ Boyard whom he had never seen, was a very different thing. It was true that Starbeam had been purchased when no more than a colt by the young nobleman, and its speed and beauty had been fashioned, as it were, under his own eye. He was living, also, in a time which proclaimed itself, or has been proclaimed since, as the age of romance. Moreover, Henri de Chateaupers was a noble-looking young man—veritably *un beau garçon*, with the laughing mouth of a boy, assuredly, yet as certainly with the brilliantly-intelligent eye of the true poet. It may be possible that, in a fit of exaltation, he has thought of the imperial beauty whose eyes had so bewildered his heart. He may even, upon reflection, have judged it better for her and for himself that he should walk out of the world quietly, and without any more trouble. Whether, indeed, he might have adhered to this heroic resolution, if he entertained it—we generally name that heroism which we do not comprehend—when the affair grew a degree or two worse, may be very rationally queried.

At any rate, in the next instant his dream of death and the world beyond it was scattered to the four winds of heaven.

How and why?

When he again raised his glance to the space immediately before him, he saw—

But this also—surely—must be a dream. Or was he losing his senses?

That steaming vapor which the heat of the midday sun had drawn from the treacherous spots of quaking morass in that rolling meadow, had now—that the burning orb lay lower and more southerly in the heavens, exerting a less powerful atmospheric influence upon the space between the river and the spot where he was gradually entombing—been partially swept away.

On the road, or rather, the ill-defined track which did duty for one upon the bank of the shallow stream, stood a vision of such supernatural loveliness, that, for the moment in which he first looked upon it, fancy almost persuaded him that it was some Hamadryad wandered from her ancient forest into the world of the present, and gazing pitifully upon the figure of sinking man and horse.

Starbeam saw that figure, and neighed wildly.

The next instant, returning to common sense, the Frenchman felt that the strange

beauty which had so unexpectedly dazzled his sight was a living and breathing reality.

He had heard her voice.

The peasant-girl, for such the prominent colors of her dress, as well as its fashion, proclaimed her to be, had spoken to him. It was in Russian. That he knew. But it was a dialect in which her words were spoken. A genuine Russ, in all probability, would easily have understood it. To a foreigner, but tolerably acquainted with the tongue—for then, as now, the language used by the upper classes of Russia was French—it was absolutely incomprehensible.

Henri de Chateaupers shook his head.

She looked at him curiously.

Then, to his intense astonishment, she again spoke in a language which he could understand. It was his own. Nay, more! Although it lacked much of the accent which all the Slavonic nations acquire so readily and thoroughly, it was remarkably pure.

Had he then had time to marvel, he might have questioned how this girl, a peasant, and in all probability a serf, residing at so great a distance from St. Petersburg, and a part so rarely traversed by foreigners as at this time it was, could have acquired it. But, the chilly mud in which he had for the last twenty minutes been gradually sinking, deprived him of the capacity of wondering at anything presented to him, strange or singular although it might be, as soon as he had recovered from the first involuntary burst of admiration and astonishment which her appearance had caused him.

This was the question which she addressed to Monsieur de Chateaupers.

It sounded oddly enough.

"What is my lord doing there?"

In spite of his precarious situation, the young Frenchman could not refrain from laughing.

The peasant girl laughed, too.

That laugh rippled on his ear like music.

"But, the d—! This was no time to sentimentalize upon a girl's laughter." He replied, half angrily—

"You ask, girl! what a man is doing, when he is half asunder in this infernal bog?"

"I forgot," she answered, quietly, "that my lord was a stranger."

Then, she examined the ground carefully, and in another moment was advancing toward him.

"Rash girl! I forbid you to approach nearer to me!" exclaimed the count. "Do you not know—"

"There is no danger for Fiodorowna, my lord."

"*Mon Dieu!* So I thought, and yet it seemed there was."

"I walk, my lord, upon earth that I have known since I have been a child."

And so indeed it appeared. She had advanced upon a tongue of firm ground, probably rock, which stretched into the morass, for her dainty feet—dainty they were, although shod in the heavy shoes of untanned cowskin which were at that time worn by the Russian peasantry—had sunk into the moss and beneath the rank grass scarcely more than a few inches, until she now stood within four or five feet of him.

"Has my lord a rope, or anything which may serve for one?"

He looked round, and was about to bend forward to unfasten the bridle from the head of his Arab, whose eye had been watching every movement of the girl as if he knew that she was standing there to save him.

"Nay! We shall need that for the poor brute. His case is worse than that of my lord."

Henri de Chateaupers tore from his neck the long lace cravat which had been wound around it.

"It will be but as unspun flax for what is needed."

Saying this, she removed from her shoulders the sheep-skin jacket, which displayed her cream-colored arms as she did so—such arms, the young Frenchman thought when he saw them, as those with which Diana stooped to embrace Endymion. Their milky color was rendered even more white and pure from the strap of scarlet cloth from her bodice which crossed them at the shoulders.

With rapid, and slender yet nervous fingers she tore the sheep-skin into strips.

These she knotted carefully together, and after trying them with her hands, said:

"This, my lord, will do."

Then, one end of the improvised rope was flung to him.

"My lord will knot one end of the sheep-skin cord around his body, if it is sufficiently long."

De Chateaupers found that it was not.

His invention had, however, been quickened by what he had seen the girl do. Tearing the skirt from his coat, he divided it into strips, and lengthened the rope which she had made. He then passed it round his waist and knotted it there securely.

"Now, my lord will leave his horse—keeping a firm hold on the bridle—and trust to his servant."

"I will not, child."

"My lord must."

"My lord," said Henri, angrily, "says 'No!'"

Ivan will be here, shortly."

It may be remembered that the peasant had not before heard of Ivan. But the serf, unless bidden to do so, or empowered by special favoritism, puts no question to his superiors. The girl did not seem even to notice the name, which she must have heard.

"Will my lord look at his horse?"

The Frenchman did so. Until his attention was called to the animal, he had not noticed that during the last few minutes he had sunk more rapidly, owing to the movements of his rider. Merely the upper half of his head from his expanded nostril to his eye was visible above the surface. But, the last was still watching the girl.

"And then at himself."

He had sunk with his horse, in the quaking

morass, and was covered up to his waist by the dense and rank green herbage.

"Does he doubt his slave?"

The count knit his brows. It was, as he owned to himself, bitterly humiliating to owe his safety to the wit, and still worse, to the nerve and bodily strength of a woman.

At first his pride had been plunged into a slumber by her marvelous loveliness. It was wide awake, now.

He did not answer.

"Then, his slave will—" She had half turned to retrace her steps, but, as she paused and looked again toward him, seeing the cloud of pride and indecision which was darkening that young and noble brow, she impetuously broke out: "No! It is better that his slave should perish with him."

"Stay!" cried the young Frenchman in a voice of thunder.

He would have allowed her to depart, but he could not permit her to join him. Selfish he might be, but his selfishness was that of education rather than of nature.

With a gigantic effort, he drew his left leg from the stirrup and dragged it from the dense mud of the morass, throwing it on the other side of Starbeam, whom he felt sink still lower, and who again screamed loudly in his fear. As he slid from the saddle into the slowly yielding and dense, sandy mud of the quagmire, he felt the cord which the two had fashioned tighten around his body. Raising his head, he turned and saw the rounded, white arms of the peasant girl with the strips of her sheep-skin jacket wound round the wrist, and the small fingers clinched round that portion of it which was drawn tight by his weight. Her graceful body was thrown back. The muscles of her neck were tense and rigid. Her bosom with its rebellious swellings had burst the lacings of her scarlet bodice. Those glorious blue eyes were distended, and her fair brows were knit above them. The whole expression of her countenance was that of a trained gladiator struggling in the Arena of old and pagan Rome.

Her beauty, so grandly and startlingly changed as it was, thrilled him to his soul, as nothing which he had ever before seen.

"*Mort de Dieu!* what a superb creature she is!" he thought.

As he did so, the girl spoke.

"My lord must help his slave."

He endeavored to do so.

It seemed to him as if he could do nothing for himself. He was still sinking deeper and deeper in that sandy loam, which appeared to cling closer round him. How long this struggle may have endured, it was never possible for him to say. It might have been prolonged for hours. It could barely have lasted for minutes.

When he returned again to thorough consciousness, he was standing upon the bank of the reed-grown stream, with Starbeam beside him.

The peasant girl, with her dress torn, soiled and disarranged, was on her knees, with her white arms crossed upon her even whiter bosom, in the self-absorption of prayer.

She was thanking the God of her fathers.

How different she was now from that time when his eyes had last been conscious of her loveliness! Those blue eyes, which had then shone with such a steely light, were now bathed in a tender and luminous radiance. That cheek, which was then white and hard, like carved marble, was now flushing, as if bathed with a roseate dew. Those hands, that had been clinched with so much vigor that you might trace each separate cord and muscle, were now as delicately outlined as those of a child of some fifteen summers.

It may be fairly stated that the young Count Henri de Chateaupers had never before been over much addicted to prayer.

What came over him now is a somewhat difficult question. He was a Roman Catholic, belonging to the only true Church of Christ—so, at any rate, he had been taught. She must of necessity be a member of the Greek Church, as Pagan a creed as Protestantism was Heretic. Yet, stepping to the serf, he laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"Let me share your prayers."

He knelt on the sandy bank beside her.

Whether he might have done so had the girl a less marvelous beauty, it is, perhaps, unnecessary to say.

#### MR. THOMPSON'S COLLECTION OF PICTURES.

THIS remarkable collection of paintings (of which so much has been said in art circles, and of which illustrations of their place of storage, etc., were given in the last issue of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER), is now on exhibition at Leeds' Art Gallery, No. 817 Broadway, where the public are invited to call and see them. They will be disposed of at auction on the 7th of February, for the benefit of the heirs of their eccentric collector, the late Thomas Thompson. Very many of these paintings are rare as objects of *verru*, and from the cases of prominent ancient and modern masters. Among the more prominent of these are works by Rubens, Reynolds, Lawrence, Sully, Angella Kaufmann, Bartolomeo, Schioldone, Xavery, Jacques Stella, De la Roche, Jordana, Ludovico Caracci, Isabey, La Brande, etc., etc. The sale will, questionless, attract large congregations of lovers and patrons of high art.

CANADIANS IN NEW ENGLAND.—There are now in the city of Manchester, N. H., three thousand Canadians. Ten years ago there were only about a dozen. They are generally in good circumstances, sixty-seven of them having sums in bank ranging from \$500 to \$3,000—the total reaching the sum of \$130,000. A school in the city, taught by a Canadian, has one hundred and forty children of families from the Dominion. At Suncook there are six hundred Canadians, and five years ago there were only five. Fifty-eight of these have respectively sums in bank ranging from \$500 to \$15,000, averaging over \$2,100 each.

#### PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

LESSEPS is consumptive.

WALTER BROWN has returned from Europe.

PRINCE PIERRE BONAPARTE is fifty-five years old.

QUEEN VICTORIA is threatened with the dropsy.

MISS BELLE SMITH is the latest sculptress in Washington.

GEORGE SAND writes more hours per diem now than ever.

THE Empress Eugenie owes Baron Haussmann \$1,200,000.

NAPOLEON has pardoned Tibaldi, who once attempted to kill him.

BARON ROTHSCHILD is eagerly pressing his claims for an English peerage.

THE Queen of Holland refuses to live any longer with her royal husband.

KOSSUTH is so poor that he lives at Turin, principally on bread and coffee.

THE King and Crown-Prince of Prussia are both in love with the same actress.

MISS KATE PUTNAM, of New York, has obtained a degree in medicine at Paris.

GENERAL N. P. BANKS is to be tendered a banquet, on his return from Europe.

THE King of Sweden is going to deliver a number of public lectures in his kingdom.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING, of England, is talked of at Rome as successor to Pope Pius IX.

RISTORI, no longer an actress, is mingling in Parisian society as the Marchioness del Grillo.

It is stated that Prim has gathered a fortune of over \$5,000,000 since the troubles in Spain.

THE oldest son of the Viceroy of Egypt has been brought to Paris by Eugenie for education.

GENERAL KANTZLER, the Commander-in-Chief of the Pontifical army, is an inveterate opium-eater.

THE Countess Guiccioli is said to be writing a reply to Mrs. Stowe's attack on Lord Byron and Mrs. Leigh.

OLD Lawrence P. Hair, Chief of the Osages, died on Christmas. He had been Chief about twenty years.

POPE PIUS IX. distinguishes the Spanish bishops beyond all others, by the most marked attentions.

CHARLES W. LOVETT has been Chief Clerk in the Secretary of State's office, at Boston, for forty-five years.

ONE sculptor, at Munich, has sold a hundred and three busts of Abraham Lincoln since the year 1863.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales have printed the diary kept by them all the while they were up the Nile.

THE Duchess of Somerset will adopt Grisi's daughter, although the great lyric artist left a fortune of 500,000 francs.

COUNT MARIO DI CANDIA, a son of the late Mmo. Grisi, is in the East Indies, and is a lieutenant in the British army.

SAMUEL HOAR, son of Attorney-General Hoar, is soon to marry Miss Laura Wise, one of the belles of Baltimore.

MISS PAYNE is the name of the American beauty who is the favorite partner at the Imperial hops at the Tuilleries Hotel.

DR. NELATON says that riding on horseback for more than fifteen minutes may lead to the sudden death of the Emperor Napoleon.

NAPOLEON proposes to make his son familiar to the French by having his face on the French coins with his own after April next.

COMMODORE JOSHUA TATNALL has been elected Port Inspector of Savannah, Georgia, an office recently created by the City Council.

THE Canadian experience of Prince Arthur has told well on him. He is stouter than on his arrival, and is on good terms with the people.

WILLIAM DUBOIS, considered the most skillful watchmaker, not only in Switzerland, but of the whole world, died on the 25th of November, at Locle.

A GAME of chess, lasting ten years, has just been concluded between Dr. Karl Brenzinger, of Germany, and his brother in New York. New York won.

AFTER waiting eighteen years for the restoration of the privilege, French journalists are to have a private gallery of their own in the Corps Legislatif.

MR. ISRAEL WASHBURN, of Livermore, Me., the father of our Minister to France, and of several members and former members of Congress, is dangerously ill.

THE Czar recently asked a gipsy fortune-teller about what he might look for, and she told him to look out for 1873, as she could see blood for him in that year.

THE editor of the Georgetown (Ky) "Times" claims to have in his possession the tomahawk which Tecumseh threw at Colonel Richard M. Johnson, just before the latter killed him.

MRS. SARAH PETERS, of Cincinnati, was recently permitted to hear mass in the crypt of St. Peter's Cathedral, at Rome, being the first woman to whom the privilege was ever accorded.

BENJAMIN GILBRETH, who died recently at Kendall's Mills, Me., was a hero of the war of 1812, and rescued General Scott from drowning when he fell overboard, while crossing the Niagara River.

CAPTAIN A. E. WARNER, a veteran of 1812, former Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows of Maryland, and Grand Treasurer of the Grand Lodge of the United States, died in Baltimore, January 16th.

THE generous offer of \$100,000 for buildings for the Boston Theological Seminary, made by Isaac Rich on condition that the Methodist brethren raise \$100,000 more by a certain time, is likely to be accepted in deed.

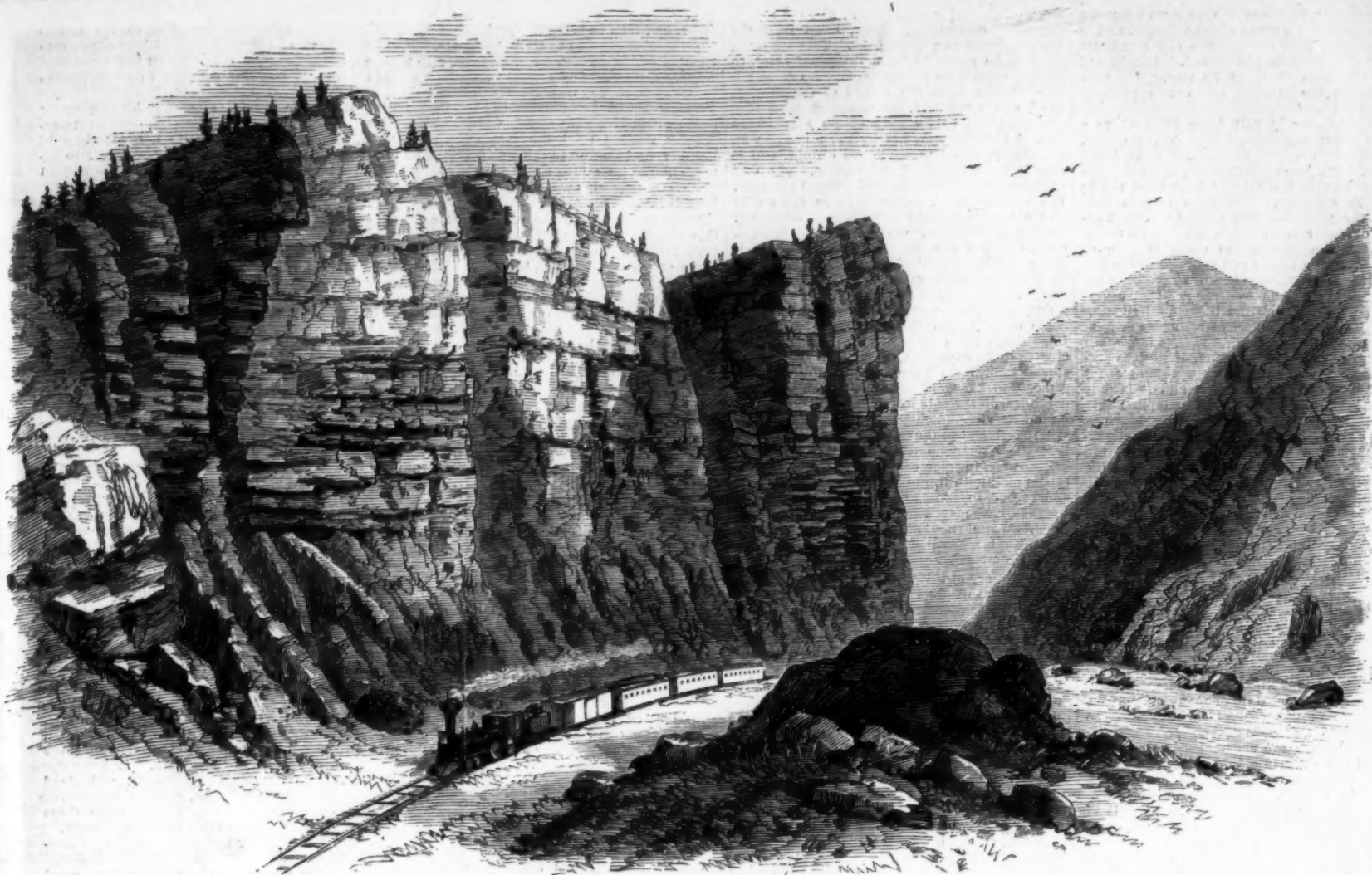
WHEN the Duke of Edinburgh paid a visit of ceremony to the King of the Sandwich Islands, the Lord High Chamberlain, an Irishman, appeared at the head of the stairs in full state robes, shouting, "Walk up—come right up—the king's at home!"





ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—VIEW OF ECHO CITY, AND ENTRANCE TO ECHO CANON, LOOKING EAST.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.





ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—A VIEW IN ECHO CANYON.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

## ACROSS THE CONTINENT. OVERLAND SCENES.

By THOMAS W. KNOX.

THE present number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER contains a continuation of the series of overland pictures that has been received with marked favor in previous

issues. All of these sketches are interesting, and will repay careful study; most of them will strike the observer by their novelty, and the difference between them and the scenes and scenery of the East. The Mormons come in for a good share of illustration, and they certainly deserve it. A Mormon farmer and his family, in the streets of Salt Lake City, differ from other farmers and their families in the streets of other American cities in the single

though important item of a plurality of wives. The farmer is a strong man, and his face is not at all unpleasant, though there is an air of determination upon it which convinces the beholder that his will is law. But on each side of him stand women and children, more numerous than would be expected in a city where Mormonism was not in favor. The farmer has come from the country to make purchases in the market, by exchanging such articles as his

farm produces. His stay is brief, and having finished his business, he starts for home, before the women of his party have had time to inspect the fineries that the milliners of that far-off region keep for sale. Feminine tastes are the same the world over, and whether a man has one wife or twenty, he finds all the likes and dislikes, and all the strength and weakness, of the gentler sex. In another picture we see him on his way homeward. The cum-



ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—A MORMON FARMER AND FAMILY RETURNING FROM SALT LAKE CITY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



berous ox-wagon, whose like is almost unknown at the East, is his mode of conveyance, and in its capacious body his animate and inanimate goods and chattels are stored. Slowly but surely the team plods on its way, quickening its pace as the familiar barns and pastures rise into view.

A street scene in Salt Lake City, where a man is apparently drinking from the gutter, will doubtless cause astonishment to many readers. But he is not drinking from the gutter, and therefore his good taste need not be called in question. Salt Lake City is built where the ground slopes toward the great expanse of water from which it takes its name. A mountain-stream whose water is pure as crystal has been tamed and subdued to the service of the inhabitants; channels have been cut through the city, and so arranged that everybody can take water from them for irrigating his garden, or for the uses of his house or himself. A stranger, on his first visit, is impressed with the novelty of the scene, as he sees persons taking water from these channels for drinking or cooking purposes, and it is only when he learns how the city is supplied that his curiosity ceases. A St. Louis anecdote may not be out of place here. Some of the sewer-mouths on the bank of the Mississippi are broken away, so that the water oozes from the sand as from a natural source. A resident one day saw a couple of ruralists from Pike County wandering on the levee, near the water's edge. The foremost stranger discovered one of these broken sewers, and shouted to his companion, "Hullo, Jim, here's another spring." "Well, confound it," was the reply, "if the water is no better than in that spring back there, I don't want any of it."

The market of Salt Lake is an interesting spot, especially when the Mormon families are out in full force to patronize it. In the staple articles of food it does not differ materially from other markets, though it has its peculiarities in the size and style of many of its offerings. Some of the vegetables grown in the vicinity attain an enormous size, and are not altogether unlike the vegetables in San Francisco. Utah flour is abundant, and of good quality, and the whole valley seems well adapted to cereals. Considerable cotton is raised in the Salt Lake Basin; some of it is consumed in the factories of the valley, and the balance is shipped East or to San Francisco, where it finds a market. When cotton commanded high prices during our late war, the cotton-growers found it profitable to send the staple in wagons to the Missouri River, whence it was taken by rail and steamboat to the places where wanted. One feature of the market is the part devoted to fish. The streams in the vicinity furnish an abundance of excellent fish, which are greatly appreciated by the inhabitants. One of the pictures represents Brigham Young's family, or a portion of it, engaged in the purchase of fish for the day's dinner. If the whole family should come out at once, the crowd in the market would be too great for comfort, and the fish-dealer whom they surrounded would have little opportunity to supply other customers.

There is such an abundance of beautiful and majestic scenery on the overland route, that an artist attempting to sketch it has an *embarras de richesses* from which it is not always easy to choose. But the artist in this case has made an excellent choice by sketching Echo Cañon, both at its entrance and at a point after the train has wound its way out of sight of the plains. The entrance is quite sudden, the train dashing forward over the level plain as if making an assault upon the rugged hills that rise at its edge. But an opening reveals itself, and the locomotive pushes ahead, now on one side of the narrow gorge, and now on the other. High rocks overhang and threaten, but the train passes unharmed beneath the cliffs, where one might look from the summit and drop a stone a thousand feet in an almost perpendicular line upon our heads. The surveyors had great difficulty in locating the route through this cañon, but they accomplished their work successfully, and the line of railway is a monument of engineering skill. The train is generally run at a slow rate, to give passengers an opportunity to study the beauties of the scene. At such times a seat on the Observation Car is highly desirable, and if the weather is pleasant it is an experience long to be remembered.

Last, but not least, in the illustrations of this week's paper is the splendid cartoon, on tinted paper, showing the snow-sheds on the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Four years ago I sat, one evening, in the office of the Central Pacific Railway at Sacramento. As I turned over the plans which the engineers had prepared, the president of the company remarked: "We have only seven thousand feet to rise from Sacramento to the summit level, and we can do it easily." "Only seven thousand," I replied; "and how will you avoid detention by the deep snows?" The reply came with confidence, though it did not entirely shake my incredulity: "We will build sheds and galleries, and, if necessary, will build a roof from the snow-line on one side of the mountains to the snow-line on the other." They have accomplished their object, and succeeded in protecting the road from severe storms. The snow often falls to the depth of fifteen feet, but the engineers believe that it will not trouble them more than roads are ordinarily troubled at the East.

There are in all about thirty-five miles of snow-sheds and galleries protecting the Central Pacific Railway over the Sierra Nevada; they extend from near Truckee on the eastern slope to Emigrant Gap on the western slope, a distance of forty-five miles. They are not continuous, but are placed over the track at points where the snow is liable to drift into cuttings and the approaches to tunnels. Where the track is placed on an embankment sheds are unnecessary. The snow-shed is simply a stout timber roof, having steep sides, erected over the track to prevent snow-drifts. The frame-

work of timbers is very strong, and the roof is composed of two-inch plank, sawn from the timber growing on the Sierras. They are hereafter to be painted with a fire-proof paint, to protect them from the elements. No danger is apprehended from the sparks of the locomotives, and none has yet occurred from that cause. About half a mile of the sheds were burned last summer, having been fired by an incendiary, who was afterward caught, and is now in State (penitentiary) service. The cost of these snow-sheds is about \$20,000 per mile. The snow-galleries, of which there are a mile and a half in all, are of a different character. They are immense, overhanging structures, carried above the track at points where it skirts the mountain-side, and where, from the fall of rocks or other cause, the trees have disappeared. At such points, of which there are half a dozen in the passage, the melting snows are liable to slide down the mountain-side. To accommodate them at points where their track crosses that of the railway, inclined sheds, very stoutly built, have been erected, costing from \$50,000 to \$250,000 per mile. Each gallery is extended up the side of the mountain, to which its upper edge is fitted, and the whole is securely fastened to the rock, its slope being such that the avalanche will pass readily over it. These roofs, in some cases, extend up the slope of the mountain from one to two hundred feet, and are very strongly built, to carry the great weight that may be suddenly thrown upon them. While they keep the road open and safe at all seasons, they shut out from view much magnificent scenery.

The scenery of the Sierras is no less interesting than that of the Rocky Mountains, but is of a somewhat different character. Here and there between the sheds one will obtain glimpses of high mountains and deep gorges, the mountain-slopes covered with pine and spruce trees, sometimes in dense forests, and sometimes sparsely scattered. Occasionally the road hangs over deep valleys, that make the brain whirl when the eye is turned into their depths; and again it passes along high embankments, and shoots suddenly into tunnels that pierce the solid rock, and save a high ascent toward the skies. There is less excitement in a ride over the Sierras in a railway train than there used to be in making the transit by stage-coach; but, even with this drawback, the journey is one that possesses unflagging interest from its commencement to its close.

#### GOING TO SLEEP.

The light is fading down the sky,  
The shadows grow and multiply,  
I hear the thrush's evening song;  
But I have borne with toil and wrong  
So long, so long!  
Dim dreams my drowsy senses drown—  
So, darling, kiss my eyelids down!  
My life's brief spring went wasted by,  
My summer's ended fruitlessly;  
I learned to hunger, strive, and wait,  
I found you, love—oh, happy fate!  
So late, so late!  
Now all my fields are turning brown.  
So, darling, kiss my eyelids down!  
Oh, blessed sleep! oh, perfect rest!  
Thus pillowed on your faithful breast,  
Nor life nor death is wholly drear,  
Oh, tender heart, since you are here,  
So dear, so dear!  
Sweet love, my soul's sufficient crown!  
Now, darling, kiss my eyelids down!

### THE HUSBAND OF TWO WIVES.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

#### CHAPTER XXX.—THE MISSING WITNESS.

WHEN the day appointed for the trial came, it found the counsel for the prosecution ready; not a link in the chain of evidence was wanting; and as Skipplit reviewed it, he felt, if rightly managed, it could not be overthrown. Mr. Trapper appeared for the accused, asking for a postponement, on account of the non-appearance of important witnesses—which was granted, in spite of Skipplit's protest.

Skipplit protested more for the sake of forcing the defense to "show its hand" than for any other purpose. But he did not succeed. Mr. Trapper still adhering to the non-committal policy that had governed him from the first.

The accused had plead "not guilty," but whether he would deny the marriage *in toto*, or try to prove that it was illegal, it was impossible for him to guess. Still, as he felt prepared to meet him on both grounds, he did not allow it to cause him much uneasiness.

In the meantime Mark received various communications from Trail, mostly by telegraph, and so mysteriously worded as to be quite incomprehensible to the uninitiated. They were all submitted to Mr. Trapper's inspection, and watched for and read by both with the greatest eagerness and attention.

Trail seemed to be "on the wing," no two of these mysterious telegrams being dated from the same place; and as the day approached to which the trial had been adjourned, the anxiety with which they were watched for and received deepened to painfulness.

On the evening before, Mark received the following telegram:

"Slipped me again—but I'm after him, keen jump. Shall have him this time, as sure as my name is TRAIL."

In the morning there was no telegraph, though Mark went to the office himself to make sure.

After waiting there as long as he dared, a confidential clerk took his place, to whom he

gave strict orders not to leave until a dispatch came, and then to bring it directly to him.

He then proceeded to the court-house, on the steps of which he found Mr. Trapper, who was waiting for him. And together they proceeded to make their way through the dense crowd, Mark's mind too preoccupied to heed the many curious eyes that were directed toward him.

After waiting until the last moment, Mr. Trapper again arose to ask for an extension of time, giving the same reason as before.

He had scarcely ceased speaking when Mr. Skipplit jumped up.

"May it please the court, I protest against this wanton trifling with valuable time. The prosecution has been twice ready; and in the name of my client, and in the name of the justice and humanity that have been too long outraged, I demand that the trial proceed."

As Mark looked upon the speaker, he thought of the time when he could have crushed this viper in his path, but spared him.

Glancing at the door, he saw his clerk elbowing his way through the crowd. On catching Mark's eye, he held up a slip of folded paper.

Mark directed Mr. Trapper's attention to it, who was on the point of replying to Skipplit, and who immediately paused.

This, together with Mr. Trapper's attitude of expectancy, caused all eyes to be directed toward the cause.

Though outwardly calm, it seemed like ages to Mark before the man reached him.

Mark read the dispatch, and gave it to Mr. Trapper, who, after glancing over it, said, in a voice that had a slight tremor in it:

"The delay asked for is unnecessary, as the missing witness will be here in time to testify."

Skipplit looked both mystified and startled. He fixed his eyes keenly on Mr. Trapper, but the old lawyer's face had regained its usual immobility. As for Mark, he had taken the dispatch over to where Florence was sitting, and he could not see his face.

The telegram would not have made him much wiser had he read it; it contained only these words:

"Go ahead; I've trailed him. Shall be in Boston next train."

As would naturally be expected, the peculiar nature of the case, as well as the character and position of the accused, attracted a large crowd of spectators. It was known that both wives would be present—one intent on convicting, the other equally as anxious to save him—and so strong was the desire to see them, that hundreds gathered around the door that were unable to get in.

Florence was well known to many, and was seated where she could be generally seen; but, for obvious reasons, Skipplit had given his client a less conspicuous position, and as but two or three knew her, and these not likely to point her out, her presence was not discovered until near the close of the trial.

After the usual forms were gone through with, the witnesses for the prosecution were called.

They came forward in good order, and acquitted themselves creditably. Both the minister who performed the ceremony, and the wife who witnessed it, gave their testimony, and it was clear and to the point.

The marriage certificate was produced and sworn to.

In short, the marriage of Mark Fielding to Amanda Burt was clearly proved; not a link in the chain was wanting, and neither judge nor jury could have the slightest doubt as to the fact.

The child of the plaintiff was put upon the stand. And though little was elicited beyond her usual assertion that "her name was Nelly Fielding, and she was nine years old," her appearance produced a visible effect upon the court, especially when she burst into tears on some allusion being made to her father.

At this, many were the glances of pity bestowed upon the sobbing child, as well as indignation upon the heartless father.

As for Mark, he forgot his own wrongs and troubles as he looked upon the forlorn little creature, whom he well knew had been tutored and frightened into the part she was acting, and he resolved that, if he ever was in a position to do so, he would make an effort to rescue her from her hard and cruel life.

Taking advantage of this feeling, Skipplit now arose to address the jury.

He had not proceeded far in his plea before those who knew him well were convinced that he had had the assistance of a more brilliant intellect than his own.

It was really an able argument, evincing careful thought and study, as well as fluency and elegance of diction. He dwelt especially upon what he believed would be the strong point in the defense, citing various precedents and judicial decisions to prove that where a guardian, through carelessness, allows his ward to contract and consummate a marriage, it cannot be annulled on the ground of minority, especially if it results in offspring.

He followed this up by an affecting picture of the deserted wife, living in loneliness and poverty, while he who had vowed to love and cherish her was surrounded by every luxury; concluding by an eloquent appeal to the jury to do his client the tardy justice to which she was entitled.

To us, who know Skipplit, and who know the woman he was defending, all this sounds like mere bombast; but those who listened believed her to possess all the sweetest and loveliest attributes of her sex, and its effect can be imagined.

The murmur of applause that followed had hardly been silenced when the accused arose.

He had asked and obtained permission to speak; but few would have had the courage to confront the scornful and indignant gaze of so many eyes.

A few hisses and cries of "shame!" were heard, and which were with difficulty silenced;

but if he heard them, he did not seem to do so. What he said was confined to the simple statement of facts, all of which are known to the reader, delivered in a quiet, unimpassioned manner, in singular contrast to the appeal to which they had just listened.

When the speaker alluded to his reasons for separating from the plaintiff, Skipplit interrupted him, inquiring, with a great show of indignation, "how he dared add insult to injury, by aspersing the character of the woman he had wronged?"

Skipplit's object in making this attack was to confuse Mark, and thus prevent the disclosures he dreaded. In some cases he might have succeeded, but the accused was not a man easily thrown from his balance.

"As the counsel for the plaintiff well knows, I am but alluding to facts, which can be proved, if necessary, and which first came to my knowledge through him. If he is as forgetful as he seems, I will try to refresh his memory."

Skipplit turned scarlet; well he remembered how low that head lay as he disclosed the true character of the woman he was now so strangely defending.

"I protest against the introduction of testimony relative to the conduct of the plaintiff prior to her marriage."

For the first time Mark's eyes looked the scorn he did not speak.

"There is no occasion for any alarm; the argument for the defense is not based upon the conduct of the plaintiff, either before or after marriage. And far from seeking to disprove it, I freely own all the testimony adduced in support of said marriage to be substantially correct. What I say is in simple justice to myself and those connected with me, to silence the various reports in circulation, and which are without the slightest foundation."

Here Mark resumed his seat.

Despite the impatience with which he was listened to at first, his steady and manly bearing, as he proceeded, produced a favorable impression on the minds of those who heard him.

While he was speaking, Trail had entered, conveying along, with an air of triumph, three persons, two men and a woman.

The two cousins shook hands, and stood conversing some minutes, at the conclusion of which Mark turned and surveyed the three strangers with an air of no ordinary interest.

The witnesses for the defense were now summoned.

The first one sworn was a sturdy, sunburned man, whose dress and slightly rolling gait betrayed his calling.

"My name is William Parker. I am the husband of the plaintiff."

(Here Amanda, who had betrayed great agitation at the first appearance of the witness, fainted, and was taken out.)

As soon as order was restored, the witness resumed:

"Was married to plaintiff May 2d, 18—, more than a year before her marriage to defendant."

(Here the marriage-certificate was shown, and examined by the jury.)

"On account of the opposition of my wife's mother, our marriage was kept secret. We did not live happily together, and separated in less than a year, my wife returning home, and I going to sea."

"Had one child by plaintiff—a girl—born July 3d, two months after our marriage. Believe it to be the same charged upon defendant. Before leaving home pricked an anchor in India ink upon the left arm of the child, near the shoulder. It was then about ten months old."

Cross-examined—"Went on a three years' whaling voyage. Could find no trace of wife or child on my return. I then shipped on board a merchant vessel bound to the East Indies, owned by Gooding & Co., of this city."

Rev. D. E. Trueman, sworn—"Married William Parker to Amanda Burt, May 2d, 18—. Declare, under oath, that to be my signature attached to certificate."

Jane Haskins, sworn—"Was present at the marriage of William Parker to Amanda Burt. They boarded at my house nearly a year after their marriage. Had one child—a girl. Was present when its father pricked the anchor upon its arm. It was taken away by its mother, about six months after."

Nelly was recalled, and the anchor found upon her arm, and in the same place as stated.

We need not state the verdict of the jury at these unexpected developments.

As soon as it was announced, the quickly repressed enthusiasm of those within culminated in a loud shout by the crowd outside, to whom it was rapidly communicated.

And as Mark left the court-house, not only free, but with character unspotted, quite a crowd pressed around with eager congratulations; for though there were many who doubted and feared, there were few who were not glad to see the dark cloud lifted from his heart and life.

The chagrin of those who sought to compass their ruin was only excelled by the joy and thankfulness of Mark and Florence at their signal deliverance.

It seems that Trail knew of Amanda's marriage to Parker, even before he learned of her subsequent marriage to his cousin, and had intended to sell his knowledge of it to Mark for a round sum. But Amanda's supposed death knocked this pretty speculation in the head, turning his thoughts to more honest ways of getting a living, and he had not considered it worth mentioning. But the news of Mark's arrest brought it all back to his mind, his regard for his cousin causing him to make a very different use of it from what he had once intended. Parker's employment on the ship owned by Gooding & Co. put Trail on his track—the rest the reader knows.

With a brief, panoramic view of our characters, as last heard from, our story is done.

Having so amply redeemed himself in the reader's eyes, we will place Trail first on the list, who is a proof of what many people are



capable of, if the better part of their nature is appealed to.

He bids fair to attain the height of his ambition—to become a moneyed man; and he enjoys his wealth all the more because it is the product of his own honest effort.

He still believes that there never was a man quite equal to "Cousin Mark;" and between these two, so dissimilar in tastes and disposition, there exists the closest friendship and confidence.

Mark's kindly heart prompted him to attempt the reformation of the unhappy woman who had caused him so much trouble; who, in fact, though not in law, was of his own blood. To effect this, he persuaded her to go into the country.

But her nature was too depraved and evil to be raised; after causing the family with whom he placed her a world of trouble, she ran away with a traveling showman, and was killed a few months after in some drunken brawl.

Mark did not forget his resolution in regard to Nelly. With the consent of her father, who evinced a strong affection for her, he placed her with our friend Katy, at the "Farm;" under whose kindly care, aided by an abundance of wholesome food and outdoor exercise, she was metamorphosed into such a rosy, happy-looking child, as hardly to be recognized.

Parker made only one more voyage at sea. On his return, being convinced of his ability and good intentions, Mark assisted him to purchase a fishing-smack, the ownership of which was the goal of his wishes. Nelly and her father are now living very happily together at Nantucket.

Skippit has, at last, received his just deserts, and been dishonorably dismissed from the bar. When last heard from, he was practicing at a bar of quite a different description, and which his peculiar talents are better fitted to adorn.

The inmates of the "Farm" are as happy and prosperous as they deserve.

Katy seems to be intent on fulfilling the first commandment—without promise—though the result is as promising as could be desired. First Benny, then Katy, then Mary, and now two twin-boys! "Each," according to the testimony of their delighted father, "a little brighter and more knowin' than the other."

If Katy "keeps on," she will even exceed the "round baker's dozen"—her husband's maximum: but the warm, generous heart of "honest Ben" is large enough for them all.

Between the inmates of the "House" and the "Farm" there exists the most friendly feeling, not a day passing without the interchanging of kindly words and offices.

Since his wife's death, which occurred a year ago, Mr. Trapper has made his home with his children, to the great joy of Johnnie, who is his especial pet.

That young gentleman has had his "nose put out of joint" lately by the advent of a baby sister. But he don't care, not he. "He's grandpa's boy now!" he stoutly asserts; and, having reached the mature age of three, disdains the idea of being anybody's "baby."

Thus Mark and Florence live, loving and loved, happy in each other, and happy in the power of conferring happiness on others.

The troubles of the past have taught them the great lesson of our common humanity, making their hearts more tender and sympathetic, and drawing them more closely together.

THE END.

## A DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT.

MRS. MARKHAM looked, for the fiftieth time, at her little jeweled watch, and then, with a sigh which plainly evinced the mental agitation under which she labored, walked to the window, and looked out. It was a sweet young face which pressed itself against the pane, and one well calculated to win both love and admiration; but to-night discontent and even fear were written all over it.

"He promised to be home at six o'clock to dinner, and now it is half-past seven. Must I be thus disappointed day after day, and even after evening? Another solitary meal, with servants to gaze and wonder at my red eyes. Only six months married, and from the depths of my heart do I wish I had never left my father's house."

The ceremony of dining was gone through with, and through the long, dreary evening, way into the night—twelve—once—yes, even two o'clock—did this heart-broken wife await the arrival of her husband. Then the well-known footsteps were heard, and Minnie, pale and almost breathless, rushed into the hall to meet her recreant lord.

"Why in the world are you not in bed, Minnie?" was his first salutation.

"Oh, Frank, how could you worry me so?" came nervously from the blanched lips. "I have been frightened almost to death about you. Expected every minute you would be brought home dying or dead!" And now the poor child, unable longer to control herself, burst into a flood of tears.

"Wipe your eyes immediately, Minnie. I have something to tell you—something which I wish you to thoroughly understand, and, understanding, obey!" And now the tones were so cold and hard, that the trembling woman shivered as though suddenly chilled by some cruel wind. "When I married you, it was because I loved you, and supposed you loved me. In the last I find I am mistaken, for no wife who has a sincere regard for her husband will ever, under any circumstances, annoy him by tears or fault-finding. You have grown exceedingly querulous lately, and there can be but one reason for such behavior, namely, absence of affection. I shall attend my club, my

lodge and my business generally, go out when I please, and come in when I get ready, and shall be governed in my opinion of the quality and quantity of your love by your subsequent treatment of me. I will be magnanimous, however, and forgive this as well as past conduct. Now go to bed."

"Magnanimous, indeed," said the little woman, now thoroughly aroused, her face radiant with an indignation which might well be called righteous. "Have the kindness, sir, to wait until I ask you to forgive me—until I have been guilty of some act that calls for forgiveness. But this I promise you, that you shall never again be troubled by tears or fault-finding. Love is a myth, a ridiculous humbug, as I have often heard it described; and hereafter I shall follow your example—be a woman of the world, as you are a man of the world; and now good-morning!"

Minnie Markham kept her word. The tender, infantile expression of countenance gave way to a subdued, almost cynical look, which was strangely unbecoming; yet, wherever she went, her presence was hailed with enthusiasm. She was bright, lively, intellectual; an excellent conversationalist; and an exquisite singer and pianoforte performer. What wonder that her society was sought after, and that wherever she went, admirers flocked to her side.

She presided in her household with the grace and dignity of a queen; but there was no unbending in her conduct toward her husband, although careful of his comfort, and studiously polite. Inconsistent as it may appear, this behavior was anything but agreeable to Mr. Markham, although realizing to the fullest the justice of the programme. Our gentleman became suddenly punctual in regard to home engagements—was seldom a moment late to dinner, and seemed desirous of making all possible amends for the past.

Mrs. Markham was scrupulously exact about every domestic arrangement, and after these duties had been conscientiously performed, without word or hint, invariably withdrew to her own private room, received company in the parlor, or made one of a gay crowd to opera, party, or lecture. On one or two occasions Frank attempted to demolish this icy barrier, but words and protestations were useless. The invariable reply was:

"You know you found love had no abiding-place here. Don't worry me with your querulousness."

Three months passed in this miserable manner. Frank grew pale and distraught. Neither business or pleasure had any charm for him. He became listless and abstracted. Minnie kept on the even tenor of her way, apparently unconscious of the least change in the manner of her husband.

"I start for California next week, Minnie," said he, one evening, after several ineffectual attempts to engage her in conversation.

The delicate hands closed spasmodically as this announcement was made, but the proud woman controlled herself perfectly, and not a muscle of her face moved, as she replied:

"Very well, sir. Is there anything I can do to facilitate your preparations?"

"Yes, dear," he answered, drawing near. "Tell me you love me a little—just a little, Minnie."

"For shame, Mr. Markham. Babies and simpletons, you know, make a fuss about love. Sensible persons never do."

This last was a literal quotation of the young gentleman's own remark, which he well remembered.

"But, Minnie—" he continued. But he was too late, for Minnie, with a gesture of impatience, arose hurriedly and left the room.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the poor fellow, burying his face in his hands. "I have crushed the last rose-leaf. The fragrance, as well as the substance, has departed. There is nothing for me to do but to leave home. I can never remain here under such circumstances—never!"

Everything was in readiness for our gentleman's departure. Trunks were strapped, and sent off by express, and there only remained the parting between this strangely estranged husband and wife. Minnie stood, calm and self-possessed, by the window of her room as he entered.

"I am going now, Minnie; will you not give me one pleasant word?" he said.

"Certainly, sir," she replied. "Several of them, if you like. I wish you *bon voyage*, good health and spirits, and a safe return to your native land."

"You will write to me, Minnie?" and the poor fellow's lip quivered with emotion.

"Certainly, if you desire it; and will keep you informed of all the local news, with a great deal of pleasure."

For a moment the grief-stricken man pressed the little hand he held to his lips, then rushed from the room like a madman.

"Oh! Father in heaven!" moaned Minnie, as the door closed; then, throwing herself upon her knees beside the bed, poured out her soul in passionate lamentation. "Oh! Father, send him back to me. My heart is breaking. Why did I let him go? Oh! I love him more than all on earth, and oh! Father, I fear, more than all in heaven. Send him back to me, well and strong, and loving me as I love him."

"Minnie! Minnie! Minnie! my own precious wife!" and the little one was caught in a pair of many arms, and pressed close to his bosom. "Darling, I came back for my valise, and overheard your heart-broken petition. God has answered it more quickly than you expected. Let us both be thankful." And two heads, never again to be raised in pride and defiance, were reverently bowed.

"Oh! Frank, I have always loved you," were Minnie's first words.

"And, darling, I have always loved you," Frank replied.

Query: What in the world makes folks act so?

N. B.—Frank didn't go to California.

### THE BAREFOOTED FISHER GIRL.

WHILE the steamer *Norman* lay wooding up at Port Onida, on the Michigan shore, there came aboard a pleasant, barefooted German girl, with a pail of berries. She wore a cheap calico dress, minus the hoops, with a little gingham shaker, nearly hiding her face. She was rather under size, with a supple figure, and an air of modest assurance that denoted a girl of genuine stamp, but that told the boys to keep out of her way. All the men about the boat and dock seemed to know her. The steward bought her berries at her own price. The clerk at the office touched his hat to her as if in the presence of a duchess. "That's the smartest girl in Michigan," said the engineer, as she passed out the gangway. The girl gave no heed to the admiring glances and compliments that followed her, but straightway sought her little fish cabin, where she was mending nets, by the shore.

On inquiry of the old dock man, we learned that our little barefoot maiden, though only seventeen, was the oldest of a family of an even dozen, living in a little double log cabin on the high bank above the shore. Her father came here from Buffalo some dozen years ago, went to clearing timber, selling wood to steamboats, and raising stuff on his land. Lanie, the oldest girl, was the "little captain" from the start, and showed pluck beyond her years. In winter she would get on her boots, and be out among the wood-choppers before she could hardly waddle through the snow. In summer she would wander off a-berrying, or be down among the nets or fishing-boats. It was her greatest delight to get on the water, to rock and toss upon the waves. At ten she was a trim little sailor herself, and would coast off for miles alone. At twelve she would allow no boy to pass her with sail or oar.

For the last three years "Lanie" has been master of a handsome fishing-craft and a set of "gill nets." She puts them out early in April, and continues them till late in the fall. She is out every morning at daylight, and again in the evening, except in the roughest weather. She takes a younger sister along to help set and drag the nets. She often brings in a couple hundred fine lake trout and white fish at a haul. She dresses them, tries out the oil, packs and sends them away to market. Her August and September catch amounted to over \$300. Besides her fishing receipts, she has taken in over \$170 this season for berries, picked at odd hours by herself and sister. All her money goes to her father. Month after month he packs it away in old sacks and stockings under his bed; night after night he guards it with sabre and pistol. In all, she is said to have earned him over \$3,000.

Of course the old man is proud of his girl, and tells of her exploits with the liveliest twinkle of satisfaction. Danger and hardship seem unknown to her. She will go out in any blow, and come in with full sails. Her white mast and blue pennon is known by the people far along the coast. Boats salute her in passing; boys swing their hats in proud recognition. Without knowing it, Lanie Lorfein is a heroine.

### PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCE.

THE following narration, which appears in a London journal, appears to be authentic, and is interesting and valuable, showing as it does the importance of yielding to the impressions of duty which are often made upon the human mind, quite independently of any operation of its own powers. The date of the occurrence is not given, but as it took place before the Island of Ascension had any inhabitants, we cannot consider it very recent. The island belongs to Great Britain, and is situated about 280 miles northwest of St. Helena:

Admiral Sir Thomas Williams, a straightforward and excellent man, was in command of a ship crossing the Atlantic Ocean. His course brought him in sight of the Island of Ascension, at the time uninhabited, and never visited by any ship except for the purpose of collecting turtles, which abound on the coast. The island was barely descried on the horizon, and was not to be noticed at all; but as Sir Thomas looked at it, he was seized with an unaccountable desire to steer toward it.

He felt how strange such a wish would appear to his crew, and tried to disregard it, but in vain. His desire became more and more urgent and distressing, and foreseeing that it would soon be more difficult to gratify it, he told his lieutenant to prepare to "put about ship," and steer for Ascension. The officers to whom he spoke ventured respectfully to represent that changing their course would greatly delay them; that just at that moment the men were going to their dinner; that at least some delay might be allowed.

But these arguments seemed to increase Captain Williams' anxiety, and the ship was steered toward the uninteresting little island. All eyes and spy-glasses were now fixed upon it, and something was perceived on the shore. "It is white—it is a flag—it must be a signal!" And when they neared the shore it was ascertained that sixteen men, wrecked on the coast many days before, and suffering the extremity of hunger, had set up a signal, though almost without a hope of relief.

THE FAME OF WASHINGTON.—Taxille Delord concludes an article written in commemoration of the seventieth anniversary of the death of Washington, for the *Paris Siecle*, as follows: "The detractors of the American Republic sometimes ask, with a sneer, what it has done for the progress of the human mind—what types in literature or in the arts it has created? The Great Republic can answer: 'I have given to the modern world its ideal citizen in the person of Washington. When this great man was descending into the tomb, mourned by free men, leaving in its cradle a nation destined to grow in influence daily, a belated Caesar was getting ready to mount the throne of France. Napoleon fell in the midst of the bloody ruins which his ambition had accumulated, leaving his country in the hands of foreigners. The glory of Napoleon grows paler and paler, while Washington's grows constantly more lustrous. It is the same with the ideas the two respectively represent. Caesarism is disappearing; the Republic is taking possession of the world.'"

YOSEMITE VALLEY.—There were 1,122 visitors to this wonderful valley in California in the year 1869, against 147 in 1864. It is one of the wonders of the world, and is destined to be a resort so long as its unique wonders and beauties exist. The valley, together with the Big Tree grove near it, was granted by Congress to the State of California in 1864, and the Legislature of the State, in accepting the grant, did so "on the express conditions that the premises shall be held for public resort and recreation, inalienable for all time." The valley, therefore, is a public park, open to all the world. But there are two occupants living in it who claim 220 acres of its area, and as this claim covers a considerable proportion of the 1,100 acres of level area, it is proposed by the California press that the two squatters be bought out and induced to leave the valley to the undisputed guardianship of the mammoth trees.

### NEWS BREVITIES.

RHODE ISLAND has ratified the Amendment.

THE Hudson River is again open at Albany. The fourth time this season.

THE Bricklayers' National Convention has selected Pittsburgh for its next meeting.

ORANGES are worth in the Wilmington (N. C.) market eighty-five cents per hundred.

LETTER carriers throughout the country will ask Congress to pay them \$1,200 per annum.

No person who drinks can find employment on the Bangor and Piscataquis Railroad in Maine.

THE Right Rev. Carleton Chase, Bishop of New Hampshire, died in Claremont on the evening of January 18.

THERE are 108 students in the Rochester University, and the institution is in a flourishing condition.

THE other night the school-house at Peru, Mass., burnt to the ground, and no one found it out till morning.

ELGIN, Ill., fines any person who retails pork without having it first inspected by the city physician.

A NEW HAVEN rubber company have turned off 100,000 pairs of rubber boots and shoes during the last few months.

THE English brig *Chebuck*, from Cienfuegos for Halifax, has been lost off Cape Antonio. All hands were saved.

ANOTHER company of Japanese jugglers have arrived at San Francisco, with permission to remain abroad five years.

EVERY day a dove visits a fruit stand in Boston, lights upon the shoulder of one of the attendants, and is fed and petted.

THE House Naval Committee has postponed the question of rank until the report of the recent commission is received.

ST. JOHN (N. B.) and Quebec complain of the decline of wooden shipbuilding, and represent it as a result of confederation.

A HERD of deer wandered into Fond-du-Lac the other day, and as many as eight were seen in a drove in one of the swamps.

IN the Boston Municipal Court, on the 18th inst., John W. Collins was arraigned for stealing \$10,000 in gold from the city treasury.

A BILL has been introduced in the Ohio House prohibiting the reading of the Bible or the singing of hymns in the public schools.

A MAN in Wilmington, O., has a pond where skaters disport at fifteen cents an hour. It is lighted by a bonfire on a mound of earth in the middle.

A RESOLUTION suspending the payment of the interest on the Special Tax bonds has passed both branches of the North Carolina General Assembly.

THE Philadelphia Mercantile Library now contains over 50,000 volumes. Last year 4,254 were added to it. The average issue per day during the year was 481.

GOVERNOR FAIRCHILD recommends that the Legislature of Wisconsin submit to the people a constitutional amendment abolishing the Grand Jury system.

A COMMITTEE of the Georgia Legislature has addressed a letter to General Terry, protesting against his manner of assembling that body as illegal and unconstitutional.

FARM lands in the vicinity of Fort Scott, Kansas, may be bought for from \$12, to \$20 per acre. Unimproved lands, within twelve miles, may be bought for from \$3 to \$7 per acre.

NEARLY all the weavers in the Wanskuck and Olneyville Mills, who struck about two weeks ago, on account of a reduction of ten per cent. on their wages, have returned to work.

THE Attorney-General has delivered a glowing eulogy, before the Supreme Court, on the life of the late Edwin M. Stanton. Appropriate resolutions were entered on the records of the court.

THE nervous people of Portland, Me., having been told that the Miantonomoh's guns have not been fired for four years, are apprehensive that some damage will be done when they are discharged.

THE Kentucky House threw up its hat in the wildest applause when the Governor communicated the New York Legislature's action withdrawing New York's assent to the Fifteenth Amendment.

A ST. LOUIS Coroner's Jury charged manslaughter against George J. Barrett, architect of the building which recently fell and killed several persons in that city, but the Grand Jury threw out the finding.

A BILL is before the South Carolina Legislature providing for the relief of farmers, by making advances, and the appointment of State agents in each county, to recommend those worthy of assistance.

THE postmasters lately in session in Washington have submitted their report to the Postmaster-General. It contains several excellent recommendations for reforms in the service, and is mainly of interest to postmasters.

KANSAS has on the walls of its new Capitol pictures which cost \$25 each, and is very much pleased, on being assured by good judges, that some of them are equal to some in Washington which cost from \$500 to \$1,000. Think of it.

THE Governor of Guanajuato has seized a conduct of \$80,000 on the way to the capital, to provide means for the payment of his troops. The General Government has ordered that the money be returned immediately to its owners.

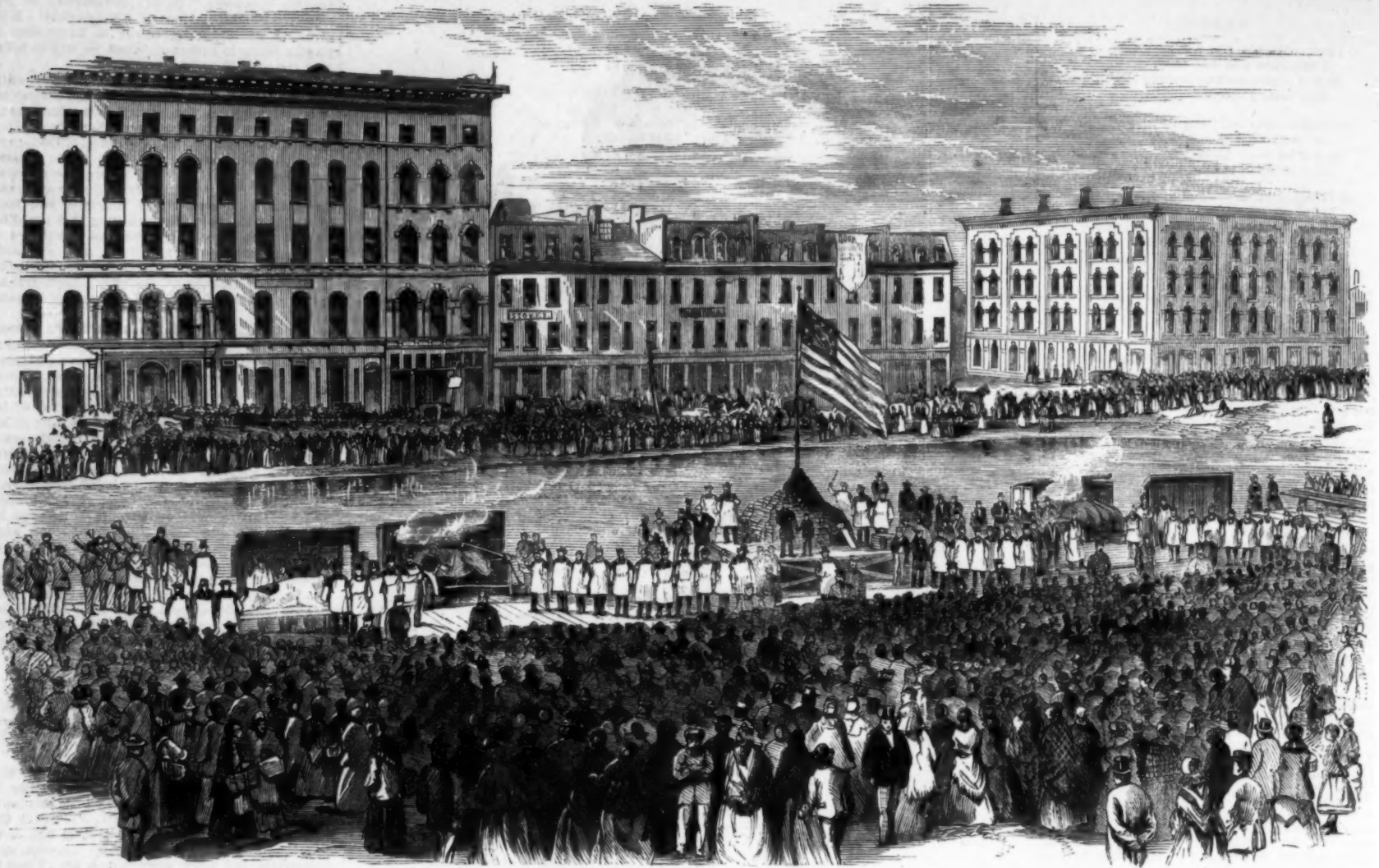
THE towboat *Star*, of Pittsburgh, with 140,000 bushels of coal, came in collision with a pier of the new railroad bridge at Bellair, on the evening of the 16th inst., and sank with seven barges. As she went down her boilers exploded, setting the boat on fire. One woman was killed.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL CRESSWELL has made arrangements for an additional weekly dispatch of mails from New York to Great Britain by the steamers of the Hamburg-American Packet Company, thus securing a regular tri-weekly steamship service from New York on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

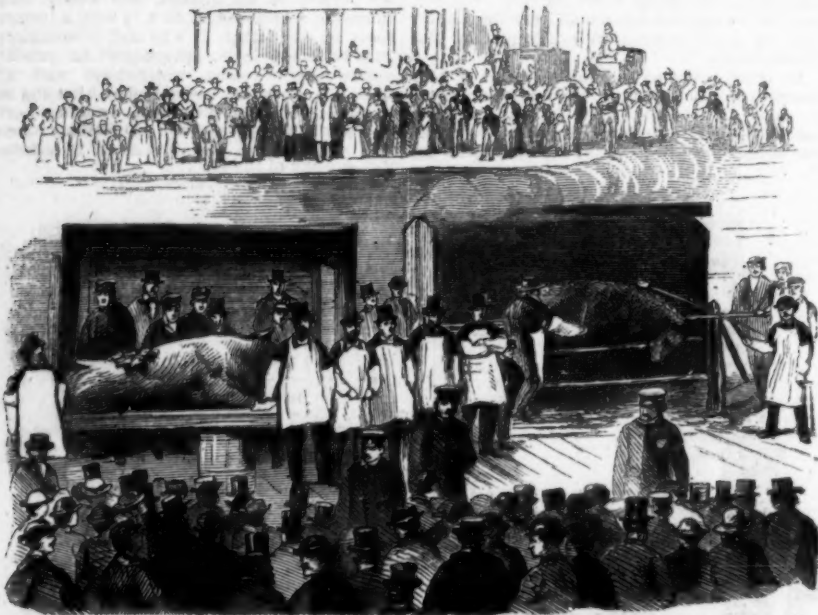
THE State Legislature of Guanajuato has authorized the Governor to equip 2,000 men of the National Guard, and send them to the assistance of the Federal Government. The Governors of Vera Cruz, Oaxaca and Hidalgo are ready to raise troops for the Government.

YORK, Me., was the first city chartered in this country. Now it is a country village of eight hundred voters. Its name was first Agamenticon, then the city of Gorges or Gorgiana, then York. The charter is copied into the town records, which are still preserved, notwithstanding Indian devastations by which many valuable public documents were lost.

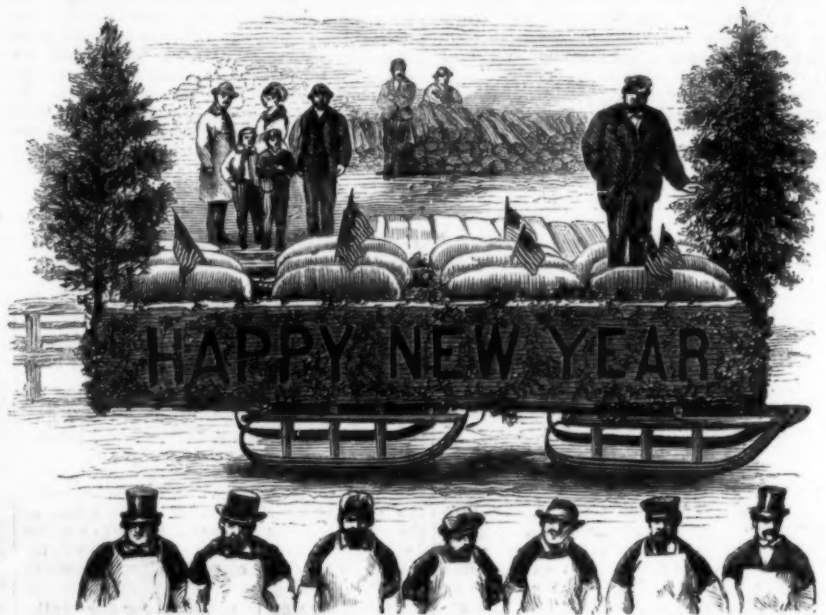




NEW YORK STATE.—JOHN GREENWAY'S GRAND BARBECUE AT SYRACUSE, ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE POOR.



NEW YORK STATE.—ROASTING OF THE OX AT THE BARBECUE, SYRACUSE.



NEW YORK STATE.—THE PLUM-PUDDING GIVEN TO THE POOR AT THE BARBECUE, SYRACUSE.



SOUTH CAROLINA.—PLANTATION SCENE NEAR CHARLESTON.—GATHERING VEGETABLES FOR A NORTHERN MARKET.—SEE PAGE 358.



## PASSION.

THEY said that she was beautiful—  
I felt that she was more;  
One of those women women dread,  
Men fatally adore.

"I looked into her languid eyes,  
So large and deeply set,  
And read such thrilling mysteries  
Of passion and regret.

"I thought of Eve when taught to sin,  
Fresh from the serpent's lore,  
Though tutored to seduce and win,  
Yet lovelier than before!"

## JOHN GREENWAY, AND HIS NEW YEAR'S BARBECUE AT SYRACUSE, N. Y.

THE great barbecue for the benefit of the poor, given in Syracuse, New Year's Day, by John Greenway, brewer and malster, has attracted much attention throughout the State. We dispatched a special artist to Syracuse, that we might present accurate views of the scene. The number of people gathered in the square where the barbecue was given was not less than forty thousand. The number of poor fed through Mr. Greenway's generosity was about ten thousand.

An Englishman by birth, Mr. Greenway came to this country in the year 1837. He first engaged in the occupation of a grocer, meeting with sufficient success to secure a fair living. Visiting New Orleans in the winter of 1844-5, he remained six months, when he returned, and engaged to act as Syracuse agent for the sale of ale manufactured by a Palmyra firm. About the year 1849 Mr. Greenway had succeeded in saving the sum of five hundred dollars, which he then counted a very large amount. With this he purchased an interest in a brewery at Oswego. The copartnership was soon dissolved, and in 1850 he entered into a contract with H. E. & N. Brewster, of Syracuse, to take, at a certain price, all the ales they might manufacture. This engagement was continued until the fall of 1853, when J. & G. Greenway became the purchasers of the entire Brewster interest. This was about the time the Maine Law was being agitated, and many thought it would go into effect in this State. Mr. Greenway, not being one of the timorous ones, was quite willing to assume all the risks involved.

About the year 1867, by the death of his brother, and through other changes, John Greenway came into possession of the whole business, which he has since so successfully prosecuted. Within the last few years he has completed one of the largest brewery and malt-houses in the United States. The structure where the whole business is carried on is built entirely of brick, is six stories high, with French roof, and ex-

tends nearly one-eighth of a mile in length. It includes a malt-house, large elevator, brewery, storage and shipping departments, and offices elegantly furnished. During the malting season, that department is capable of converting into malt about 300,000 bushels of barley. His vaults contain continually not less than 5,000 barrels of ale and porter. He brews five, and sometimes six, days of the week, and in that

time turns out about 1,000 barrels. His ales and porters are well known all over the Union, and are daily shipped to every part of the United States.

By strict economy and industry, and by the practice of that old motto, "Do unto others as ye would be done by," Mr. Greenway is now one of the wealthiest men of Central New York. For benevolence, probity and public spirit he



CLARA LOUISA KELLOGG.—SEE PAGE 358

has few compeers. In his beneficence he recognizes no distinctions of class or color; it is sufficient for John Greenway to know that a human being is suffering, when he will at once give the needed assistance.

At the great barbecue he invited not only the poor of Syracuse, but a cordial invitation was extended to the same class throughout Central New York to come on New Year's Day and partake of a bountiful dinner. Two large oxen were roasted whole on the public square, and five thousand loaves of bread were also provided. For dessert Mr. Greenway gave away two thousand four hundred and four pounds of the best plum-pudding that could be made! After the barbecue was concluded, a large, uncooked ox was cut up, and, with supplies of bread, was distributed to the poor widows and orphans of the city. Each orphan asylum in the city was also generously remembered.

Notwithstanding the cares of his large business, Mr. Greenway finds time for the cultivation of those social qualities that have endeared him to home and friends. He occupies a beautiful villa two miles from the centre of the city, and yet within its limits, and on one of its handsomest streets. Here, in the bosom of his family, he cordially welcomes his friends—enemies he has none. Besides a farm of several hundred acres in the West, his villa is surrounded by ninety-seven acres of choice land, which he owns. Here he imports and raises some of the finest cattle and sheep that can be found in the State. His imported stock, kept both at Syracuse and on his Western farm, is exceedingly choice and valuable.

Such, in brief, is the life of John Greenway, and a history of his New Year's Barbecue. The widow and the orphan bless him, and he deserves higher commendation still—that which springs from the consciousness of having performed a noble act of charity.

## THE INDIANA STATE NORMAL SCHOOL BUILDING, AT TERRE HAUTE.

THE building has a frontage of 195 feet to a depth of 115 feet. The plan is irregular in form, although balanced in two equal parts. It is composed of a basement, 11 feet in the clear, and three stories, 16 feet in the clear each, except the lecture-room, museum and library in the third story, which are 22 feet in the clear.

The basement floor is only three feet below the surface of the ground, and affords clear rooms for a gymnasium, 60 x 70 feet, a lecture-room on chemistry, 22 x 30 feet, a laboratory, 20 x 22 feet 6 inches, play-rooms for primary pupils, janitor-rooms, water-closet and urinals, and all the necessary fuel and heating apparatus rooms. A long hall, running north and south, gives access to these various rooms. The entrance to the basement is effected



INDIANA.—STATE NORMAL SCHOOL AT TERRE HAUTE.



through five doors from the exterior, and it is connected with the upper stories by means of four stairs.

A double flight of limestone steps to the west gives access to the front hall, 14 feet in width, and from this is entered the reception-room, 17 x 20 feet, and the secretary's room, 17 x 20 feet. A double flight of stairs display to the right and to the left, conducting to the second story. This front hall intersects the long hall. The latter is entered from the south and from the north ends by double flights of limestone steps. These three entrances to the building are closed with heavy night-doors, and fly-doors in daytime.

At the intersection of the halls, and east of the long hall, are the high school session-room, 60 x 70 feet; the two main stairs from basement upward to the third story; the two reference libraries, 13 x 13 feet, and four recitation-rooms, 20 x 22 feet 6 inches each. To the west of the long hall, north end, are the intermediate school-rooms, 22 feet 6 inches by 30 feet and 22 feet 6 inches by 40 feet; and to the south end are the primary school-rooms, 22 feet 6 inches by 30 feet and 22 feet 6 inches by 40 feet, and four dress-rooms, all accessible from the long hall.

The second story is particularly devoted to the Normal School Department, and is reached by four large and commodious flights of stairs. The assembly-room is 60 x 70 feet, and the eight recitation-rooms vary from 20 x 22 feet 6 inches to 22 feet 6 inches by 40 feet, with two reference libraries, and all dress-rooms necessary for pupils and teachers. In this story the central wheel window of the front throws a flood of light of the most agreeable effect.

The third story is grand in combination; a lecture-room, 70 x 85 feet, and three rooms, from 22 feet 6 inches by 40 feet to 22 feet 6 inches by 50 feet, arranged for museum and library, may be thrown open into one vast assembly-room when occasion will require it. This story has, besides, two society halls, 22 feet 6 inches by 40 feet, and music halls, 22 x 30 feet.

The towers and minarets which ornament the appearance are all ventilating shafts. The building is temporarily heated with stoves, but has been arranged for low-pressure steam-apparatus. The entire cost of the edifice, closets, heating apparatus, furniture of the most approved design, and one thousand feet of substantial wrought-iron and limestone fence, is \$230,000. The style of the building, as the picture (from a photograph) shows, is imposing and bold. The State of Indiana has, without a doubt, surpassed all other States of the Union in the institutions of the kind.

#### SOUTHERN SCENES.

##### THE VEGETABLE AND FRUIT FARM.

In the early season of fruits and vegetables in South Carolina and Georgia—while yet the frost lies deep in Northern soil, and no visible promise of native and freshly-grown esculent is patent to the eye or present to the palate—the greatest activity is everywhere observable on the plantations near the seacoast, or on the banks of watercourses, where vessels propelled by steam can reach, if cargoes are certain. The picture on another page illustrates a scene on a vegetable farm, near Charleston, in the early morning. As soon as the faintest rays of light are seen gilding the eastern horizon, the "hands" set to work gathering up the products of the closely cultivated land. These are gathered in heaps at convenient distances, and, when put in barrels, baskets and boxes, are conveyed in light carts to the landings, where again they are taken on board steamboats bound North, for Baltimore, Philadelphia or New York. The work is generally through with by ten o'clock in the forenoon, at which hour the steamers ordinarily leave the harbor. The illustration of the plantation scene is spirited. It was sketched during a visit to the South by one of our best artists.

#### CLARA LOUISA KELLOGG.

The portrait of Miss Clara Louisa Kellogg—from a recent photograph—in this number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, is pronounced unexaggerated by those who are particularly acquainted with her features. Miss Kellogg was born about 1845. She is a native of this city, of New England parentage. It has been said that she was a native of Newbern, North Carolina, where her parents had resided for many years; but this, of course, is a mistake. At an early age Miss Kellogg evinced musical talent of no ordinary character, which her parents, greatly encouraged by a prominent and wealthy gentleman of this city, now a member of the Park Commission, had thoroughly cultivated. Her instructors were assiduous in their attention to her voice, considering it a musical "gem of purest ray serene," and in the year 1861 pronounced her quite prepared to challenge public admiration and the severest strictures of the critics.

In the autumn of that year she made her debut at the Academy of Music, and at once placed herself in the front ranks as a prima donna of more than ordinary merit. She became at once the favorite with all lovers of music; and her powers were tested to the uttermost, for the management insisted on her assuming roles the most opposite in character. Almost from the night of her debut Miss Kellogg has been in request, and invitations to appear in the grand opera houses of Europe became almost as frequent as the arrival of steamships at this port. Having appeared in nearly every theatre where opera was introduced in her native land, achieving triumphs by her singing and acting in "Crispino," in "Faust," in "Fra Diavolo," in "Sonnambula," and other compositions—her Marguerite and Zertina being pronounced perfect—she finally consented to visit England, where she made

her first appearance, during Mr. Mapleson's short operatic season, in November, 1867.

Her reputation had preceded her, and she was at once received into public favor. Miss Kellogg was invited by the impresario of the Paris and other Continental opera houses, but declined entering into engagements of a character that necessitated her absence from this city for any length of time. Returning to America a few months ago, she resumed her old place in the public heart, and has sung in concert and opera, with undiminished richness of voice and correctness of manner, in several cities. It is understood that Miss Kellogg purposes returning to Europe next summer, where it is probable she will accept of engagements that may keep her abroad for years.

DURING the holiday season, the sales of Meerschaum goods by the well-known firm of Kalenberg & Son were unusually large. The largest Manufacturers of Meerschaum in this country, and employing a corps of skillful and experienced workmen, it is but reasonable that their pipes and cigar-holders should have obtained a world-wide popularity. Every article manufactured by this long-established firm bears evidences of the highest style of workmanship. Their material is selected with the utmost regard for strength and beauty, and will be worked into any conceivable form the public may desire.

A VERY ingenious Italian chemist discovered, some short time ago, a method of making diamonds and rubies. His invention stood the test of the most searching scrutiny, and there was no quality of density, lustre, hardness, or insolubility which his manufactured gems did not sustain with success. There was, in fact, but one feature in which the discovery presented anything of discouragement. It was, that the fictitious stones cost about three times the price of real ones.

NEITHER falling teeth, nor the peeping wrinkles of time, so forcibly tell of advancing years, as your gray hair. AYER'S VIGOR restores its color and makes your appearance more agreeable to others, as well as yourself. With fresh, luxuriant hair, the infirmities of age are far less noticeable.

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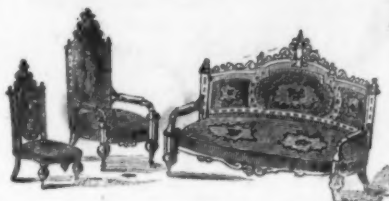
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Baron, and others of the French School; Schi-  
doni, Guarino, Teniers, Van Ostade, Zuccarelli, Van  
Dyke, etc.; also a large number of the most cele-  
brated artists of the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries,  
such as Titian, Rubens, Jordaens, Honthorst, and  
others, some of which are unquestioned originals,  
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